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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY,
OLIVER JOHNSON, } ...... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

From The Liberator.

The Constitution and the Ballot-Box.

WEST NEWTON, May 20th, 1853.

WM. L. GARRISON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Having been repeatedly challenged, through your paper, to defend the grounds on which, as a moral and Christian man, I can vote or hold office under our Governments, State and National; and having often signified my readiness to meet that challenge, at the very first presentation of a fit opportunity, I now avail myself of your permission to execute the implied engagement.

I have not the vanity to suppose that I can bring forward many views or arguments that will be new to the intelligent readers of your paper. If I can vindicate the consistency of my own theory and conduct, or remove doubts and scruples from the mind of any conscientious inquirer, perhaps it will be the most I am entitled to expect.

Permit me to add further, that in fulfilling the engagement (if I may call it so) into which I have been drawn by circumstances, and not by original choice, I am at the farthest possible remove from coming forward as a disputant or controversialist. I loathe controversy, and always did. It is uncongenial to my nature. My faculties will not work in it. When God, or nature, or good men, are my theme, what thoughts I have flow more readily; but the fraud or falsehood of mankind chills me, puts my soul, as it were, in irons, and requires a constant struggle to keep myself in the posture of antagonism against men. The only motive for vigorous effort which I ever felt, in any controversy, was the merciful one of putting my assailant out of misery as soon as possible. What I now propose is, to explain myself (having been called upon to do so), rather than arraign any one else. I have not a syllable of suspicion to utter in regard to any man's motives, nor of detraction from any man's character. I think, Mr. Editor, you will concede me this one fact, that though I have long dissented from some views of yourself and the friends who are known by your name, yet, neither in writing nor in speech, have I ever uttered one disparaging sentence against them. Indeed, I have several times borne what, otherwise, I ought not to have borne; and would not have borne, but for my repugnance to have a difficulty with an Anti-Slavery man.

One introductory word more: Should the following remarks move any one to a reply, I trust it will be made in such manner and spirit as to demand no replication from me. My engagements, pending and impending, debar me, at present, from embarking even in an amicable discussion. And as I write under my own name, and date from my own home, am I not authorized to expect that any one who sees fit to contest my doctrines will do the same? If you, Mr. Editor, think this to be but a fair rule, you will, of course, so far as your paper is concerned, enforce it.

Two questions are presented for consideration: 1, Whether our Governments, State and National, are so wicked (on account of Slavery, War, or for any other cause) that a moral and religious man cannot vote, or hold office, under them; and, 2, whether such a man can vote and hold office under them even though he acknowledges them (on the subject of Slavery, for instance) to be wicked.

I propose to take up the question last stated first; because I believe I ought not to renounce my political franchises under government, even though I should admit that the pro-slavery clauses in the Constitution are as comprehensive and as wicked as any court, judge or commissioner ever held them to be. I shall, therefore, first meet the worst view of the Constitution, and not its best. Afterwards, I shall make the Constitution as little imperfect as I constitutionally can.

Let me premise, here, that when I speak of *voting*, I mean voting, office-holding, oath-taking and all; and when I speak of governments, I mean both governments, State and National. This, for brevity's sake.

It has been frequently and truly said, that *government is a necessary evil, by which we ward off intolerable evils.* Man is social and gregarious by nature. He cannot be born alone; he cannot subsist alone, after having been born; and he cannot be laid in the bosom of his mother earth alone. If, when old enough to provide subsistence for himself, he withdraws to solitary cave or wilderness, a few years terminates his existence; and, so far as he is concerned, the race is at end. Instead of the nine hundred millions of men, more or less, now dwelling together upon the earth, God might have made nine hundred millions of little earths, or asteroïds, not larger than Nantucket, and given them a single inhabitant apiece. But it is easy to see that such an experiment would have proved a miserable failure, both on account of its ephemeral character and its uselessness. Hence, society is a fatality, a necessity of our being; and we may as well quarrel with our fate because we are breathing beings as because we are social beings. Even a millenium on earth would not supersede government and law; for, though men should be infinitely pure in their hearts, they will not be omniscient in their intellect; and, therefore, though they may need no government for their motives, they will for their actions. Hence even the chiliast himself cannot rationally be a no-government man.

Men (and not without potent reasons, too) have been so disgusted and horror-stricken at the patent and latent wickednesses of their kind, that they have fled from the face of society — Simon Stylites to live sixty years on the top of his column, the anchorite to his den, or Charles V. to his dotard cloister. The earliest monasteries and nunneries doubtless grew out of this feeling; though, afterwards, they flourished on very different motives. The self-exile of the Pilgrim Fathers was the noblest exemplification of this sentiment ever exhibited; for they first used, to the uttermost, all the means of legal redress which they could command, at home, and then demonstrated the sincerity of their motives and the grandeur of their ideas, by sacrificing all worldly enjoyments to the sanctity of moral principles. Cowper's ejaculation—'Oh for a lodge,' &c.—was a prompting of the same sentiment, though nervously and dyspeptically manifested; for how much manlier to remain in society, and fight out the good fight, ourselves, than to cast the accumulated burdens and difficulties of the warfare upon our posterity! The modern device of non-voting is the mildest form in which the malady has ever exhibited itself; for it leaves to its patients all the luxury of complaining, even while they retain and enjoy, *personally*, every substantial good that government bestows. For the loftiest natures, the renunciation of political honours is no cross. Not to be conspicuous themselves, but to be a blessing to others, is what they covet. And, on the other hand, I can readily conceive of a class of minds which, having been disappointed in the notoriety of possessing office, seek reprisals in the more easily obtainable notoriety of affecting to be above it. However, so far as abstaining from office proceeds from a conscientious principle, I accord to the motive my cheerful homage.

If government, then, be a necessity—the necessity of necessities; if we cannot get outside of it; if, unlike the Pilgrims, we have now no outlying continent to fly to; if our neighbouring planets, Venus and Mars, are inaccessible, and we do not like the reputation of the moon—what is our duty? I answer, to incorporate as much good as we can into our government, and to purge away as much of its evil as we can, and then to thank God because of the magnitude of the good and the smallness of the evil that remain.

Under compulsions of the same nature, we submit to the same conditions, all the way through life. Suppose I should say, I know the Laws of Health and Life. I know the qualities of the atmosphere I breathe. I know that oxygen is a life-sustainer. I also know that carbonic acid gas is a deadly poison: and, as this poison is mingled in the atmosphere nearly in the proportion of one to a hundred (about as much as the proportion of Slavery to Freedom in the Constitution of the United States), it must be a 'sin' to breathe it; and therefore I will form an anti-breathing society, and we will distend our lungs like Boreas, and shake the whole aerial ocean itself with our vociferations against those who do breathe. No, says the omnipotent law of necessity to me. You may thunder against breathing as much as you will; but you must yourself breathe while you thunder. Then the good divinity plucks my ear, and mildly says: Would you not do better to disinfect the miasmatic and pestilent districts about you, and purge them from their deadly effluvia, rather than to seek for a perfection as yet unattainable? Analogies, like this, might be easily run out, in regard to food, raiment, shelter, and all the unalterable conditions of our earthly existence.

But all these are natural evils, says my collocutor. True, I reply, and so is government, in the sense in which I am now considering it, a natural evil. Be assured, I shall not forget the moral aspect of the subject, when its turn comes.

What, then, I repeat, is our duty under such overwhelming necessities? The reply is, expel as much evil as you can out of your government, and as much carbonic acid gas as you can out of your house; and then out of your neighbours' governments and houses too; and tender your aid, or, if not your aid, at least your sympathy, to every man who is labouring for the same *or for similar* purposes—Kossuth, Father Mathew, Miss Dix, or the humblest man, who, as far as his abilities will permit, feels a divine afflatus to emulate them all.

I now come to a topic on which a tract ought to be written rather than a paragraph. I can only sketch with a few rude strokes the outline of the argument, and leave your intelligent readers to fill it up.

With exceptions scarcely worthy of notice on so vast a theme, all the governments of the earth have been despotic—terrible despotisms. Milton says of superior beings, that they 'quaff immortality and joy.' So might the world have done. But tyrants, to keep alive the drunkenness of their ambition, have quaffed the wine that was distilled from rivers of human blood; they have crushed hearts as between mill-stones for the incense they would exhale, and cities have been but torches to light their march to power. And how is it, that mankind have escaped, so far as they have yet escaped, from the clutch of these human demons? By almost imperceptibly slow degrees, and through periods of duration and depths of agony, such as torture the imagination to conceive—by braving dungeons, the scaffold and the rack for the possibility of a chance of gaining the smallest franchise, or of abolishing the lighest grievance. They have struck their fetters with their hearts, until as water wears away rock, granule by granule, so have those hearts worn away the fetters, atom by atom, until, at last, we venture to call a small portion of the human race by the glorious name of *freemen*.

Let any man who has read one such book as Guizot's History of Civilization revive in his mind, for a moment, the struggles and agonies, and the repetition, a thousand times repeated, of desperate efforts, to wrench from the tyrant, and bestow upon the people, the very lowest order of the rights we now enjoy. And what has been the result? From the feeblest beginnings—like the first trickling of a scanty spring from the crevice of some Alpine rock, before the confluence of ten thousand streams swells it to a mighty river which flows proudly to the sea; from some personal immunity; from a few privileges granted to guilds and corporations for great pecuniary returns, up to larger and larger municipal franchises; from an occasional summoning of 'Third Estates,' or 'Wittenagemotes,' to grant taxes; or, by the wresting of haughty barons from imbecile thrones, up to representative Chambers, or a well-established House of Commons, were human rights, by slow degrees, conquered, or granted, and secured. At last, on a new continent, with incredible sacrifices of patriot and Christian men, and after a war that left the nation prostrate and faint, a form of government was evoked, which, for the grand purposes of securing the rights and liberties of men, is as much superior to other governments as the sun is superior in brightness to the stars that herald its rising. It was a political sun new risen upon the world, having its melancholy spots, it is true, but, oh! how many broad digits of its resplendent disk are undarkened by its spots!

And now, after these sages and martyrs, coming in long processions from all the lands and from all the ages, have contributed each his mite to the materials from which to construct this highest form of civil polity known upon the earth, I am invoked to cast away the very height and crown, the beauty and glory, of all their achievements—*that is, my right as a citizen to help elect my own rulers, and my right as a legislator, judge, or executive officer, to help make or administer my own laws.* This, the only security for retaining the blessings that have already been won, the only promise and prophecy of greater blessings yet to be obtained, I am invoked to renounce; and, in a paroxysm of madness, to fling the world back again into the hell of its ancient cruelty and darkness. For, without the right of the people at large to vote for their officers, and to be eligible for office themselves, all would be inevitably lost. I would not sit as a magistrate under our Fugitive Slave Law, and remand a fugitive to bondage, to save my life; and and yet I believe that would be for me an infinitely less offence, before God and man, than to remand the world back into the old Gothlands, and Egypts, and Chaldeas, as the universal renunciation of the franchise and of eligibility to office would do; or as even a conditional renunciation, until a government could be formed in all respects coincident with the Higher Law, would as certainly do.

I understand it to be conceded, that it is right for the *subject*, under foreign despotisms, to snatch and enjoy whatever privileges the ruler allows—rights of trade, of the mail, of the public coinage, the courts, &c., &c.; but when the *subject* elevates himself into a *citizen*, and possesses himself of those higher rights, which secure all he now has, and are the pledge of more—these latter he cannot exercise, but must abjure, unless the whole detail of the government is fashioned to his moral acceptance. This then is the condition of humanity. Enjoy all rights which your government bestows; no matter though that government farms out hells as it does mines or fisheries, still enjoy; this is right; but when you have so far subdued and restrained that government, that you yourself can have an effective, perhaps a controlling voice on the question of farming out the hells, then abandon, retire, disappear; or, if you appear at all, let it be only to denounce those who are working, as for life, to quench the last fires of the tophets that remain.

When King John summoned his first parliament, could a man vote then? When, less than a thousand years ago, slaves were bought and sold in England, as they are now in Virginia, could a man vote then, in order to arrest the traffic? When the Stuarts revived the old doctrine of Divine Right, and came near enforcing it upon people and parliament, could a man vote or hold office then, to establish the throne of William of Orange? Or, to look at the other aspect of the case, could Clarkson give a vote, or Wilberforce be a member of the House of Commons, for the very purpose of mitigating the horrors of the slave trade, and finally, of abolishing that traffic itself—could they do this, I say, without damnable sin? And if they, then and there, why not we, here and now? Did any oppressed people, or can any oppressed people, ever get out of the gulf of despotism *per saltum*, by a single leap? and if not, how are they ever to escape, but by ascending the ladder of emancipation, round by round, all the way defending what they have won, and fighting for more? How did the people of ancient Rome ever attain to their limited degree of natural liberty, and hence their immense superiority over contemporaneous nations, but by rescuing from tyranny what rights they could, and holding fast what they had rescued? How are the subjects of Nicholas or Francis Joseph ever to possess their natural rights, if they will take no part in any department of government, until all trace of a violation of the Higher Law shall have been swept from their codes? what a treasure-house does all history consist of, to illustrate and corroborate these views!

But let me drive this argument home by one blow more. Suppose, by a series of amazing efforts, aided by an extraordinary conjunction of circumstances, the slaves of Virginia should obtain a right to vote, but should still remain subject to their present disabilities, as to the right to sue, the right to be witnesses, the right of marriage, &c. Would it be wrong in one of these slaves to make use of his right to vote, which he now by the supposition has, in order to gain the rights of marriage, of testimony, of suit, &c., which he has not; and if he will not use his right to vote, *until he has previously obtained all his other rights*, and all the other slaves in the Union have obtained their rights also, in what period of the future eternity can he expect the fruition of those rights for all?

Nor is the *principle* now under discussion confined to voting. If it be morally wrong to exercise the political franchise, because the government, in some of its functions or attributes, invades the Higher Law; how could the serfs of the Feudal System ever urge and seize, and urge and seize, step by step, and claim after claim, until at last they became owners in fee simple of lands and tenements? The same remark might be made as to the right of trial by jury, which right, to-day in the different nations of Europe, is in all the gradations of developement. Because a judge of the United States Court arbitrarily uses his power to administer an oath, in order to coerce the conscience of jurors, shall I abandon the jury altogether, or, shall I *so much the more* appear before him, and demand my rights? And so of all other franchises and immunities which distinguish the freest nation that ever existed from the most enslaved. But I forbear.

Going from the past to the future, when, on this philosophy of non-voting, are we, in this country, ever to cleanse the Constitution or the legislation of the United States from the Slavery now in them? Every Free Soiler, every Liberty Party man, every Anti-Slavery man of any name, as soon as he has passed through all the states of conviction, conversion, sanctification and redemption, and arrived at that state of Anti-Slavery holiness which qualifies him to be a non-voter, withdraws at once from all political contests, and leaves the whole government in the hands of the reprobates, or 'world's people.' Just as fast as they become saints, they abandon the State to the sinners. So, in the middle ages, when men became too religious, too pious, to consort with their fellow-men, they retired from the world. But was it they who wrested religious freedom from Pontiff and priest, or was it the Luthers, the Pyms, and the Hampdens?

On the doctrine of the non-voters, then, on the instant, when a man becomes the best friend of the slave, he throws down all his political weapons, and retires from the contest. Let us suppose that the non-voting party prospers, so that at the end of a thousand years, they have induced a hundred thousand men to join their ranks—or let us indulge in a little grateful extravagance, and suppose they have a million—the voters still have possession of the whole field; they still choose all the officers, enact, construe, and execute all the laws, and no imagination can descry, in the vista of the future, the advent of the day when it can be otherwise. If one State after another abolishes Slavery, until it is abolished in all the States *but one*; and even should a law be passed in the last surviving slave State, for the emancipation of all its after-born children; still the non-voter cannot vote, until the last remaining victim of this terrible power shall have lived out his hundred years, and brought the melancholy procession of uncounted centuries to a close.

But this is not all; this is only the beginning of the mischiefs which the doctrine of non-voting brings in its train. Let us leap the chasm of ten thousand years, and suppose Slavery to be abolished by the non-voters' remedy. Who confront us now? A most worthy class of men, who say they cannot vote while the Constitution authorizes war. And so, instead of voting against war and for peace; instead of sending peace-men to Congress; they surrender the whole question to the captains of fifties and the captains of hundreds, and suffer the government to make war, and plunder and rob, and, for aught they do to the contrary, establish Slavery anew. And when the peace-men (whose motives I honour with all my heart) have completed their cycle of self-imposed impotency, then come the anti-land-monopoly men, and the anti-oath men, and the anti-capital-punishment men, &c. But I will not go further, having laid out work enough to last—*on this non-voting system*—for a dozen more geological epochs, or until the planet Neptune shall have performed a thousand revolutions.

Now it may be owing to my blindness and obtuseness, but I was never able to see but one infinitesimal of an argument, why a man, who thinks he can innocently enjoy all the privileges which the wickedest of governments may concede to him, should refuse to enjoy this highest of all privileges—the right of being a part of the very government itself. It may be said, that so long as a man has no share whatever in a wicked government, he has no responsibility for it; but the moment he obtains a share in it, he then becomes responsible for it, and so must immediately retire. Now this seems to me more like one of those puzzles with which children amuse themselves, than like a conclusion of full-grown or even half-grown common sense. Founding myself on the infinite divisibility of space, I can demonstrate that a cannon ball, moving towards me at the rate of eight miles a minute, will never overtake me while I am moving from it at the rate of eight rods a minute, though I have but four rods the start. But, nevertheless, I positively decline trying the experiment. So when the non-voter sets his syllogisms in array before me, and proves, by major, minor and conclusion, that I ought not to vote against Slavery in New Mexico—the 'law of physical geography and the formation of the earth' to the contrary notwithstanding—it still is '*borne in*' upon my mind, like an inspiration, that I ought to vote against it; and that I ought to vote for any body who will vote against it, and against anybody who will vote for it. The physician does not go into the midst of a contagion to catch the disease, but to cure it. So the righteous voter does not vote to uphold the high places of iniquity, but to demolish them. As the pestilence may overtake the physician who fearfully flies from it; so, were all Anti-Slavery citizens to abandon the polls, Hunkerdom and the Castle Garden Committee would soon reduce them and their children to bondage. On this theory of non-voting alone, the tyrant can build a throne of everlasting power. The doctrine of 'divine right' he could not maintain, but the doctrine that the best and truest men are religiously bound to place themselves in the category of minors, paupers, lunatics and idiots, would make his dynasty perpetual.

But it is said: Let us all refuse to vote and hold office, and the government comes to an end, *and then we will have a better one.* I should like to see this assumption, in respect to a government, demonstrated. It never has been. I do not believe it can be. At any rate, it may be safely affirmed that, long before we can dissuade all men, or even a majority of men, from voting and holding office; we can persuade them, by means of voting and holding office, to rid the free States from all tint of Slavery, as perfectly as a distinct government could do.

But there are other views which protest against—what appears to me—this strange delusion. While the non-voter refuses to vote, under our government, he still employs it, sustains it, ratifies its doings, and enjoys them, to all appearance, as much as any other citizen. I omit now the case of tax-paying, with its compensations, because he says he is compelled to do this. But there a thousand ways in which he adopts and ratifies the acts of the government, where there is no pretence for compulsion; where no one asks him to do what he does, and many would be glad if he did not. Does government ask the heir to make the inheritance; or the grantee of land to record his deeds; or the merchant to fill his pocket with bank bills, or the capitalist to invest in railroads, or to buy United States stocks? All these things, and scores of others, are as voluntary as voting; and every one of them involves an oath, *by somebody*, to support the Constitution of the United States. But I am but one, says the non-voter; it is others who support these institutions; I only use them. So you are but one voter, say I; and your share in voting is no larger, *in proportion*, than your share in any other franchise or immunity. If nobody would go to the Probate Office to get his patrimony secured, there would be so many less Probate Judges, and, of course, so many less blasphemous oaths to support the Constitution of the United States.

But let us see where this moral partnership in our wicked government begins and ends. There is the voting, by which the officers of the government are elected; the oath-taking, by which they are qualified for the duties of their office; and then the performance of those duties for the benefit of the people. How can these successive acts be philosophically or morally separated from each other? If nobody would buy public lands, or accept a pension, the whole public land system and the Pension Bureau would be swept away at once. These officers are appointed and their oaths administered for no other purpose but to issue land-warrants and pay pensions. Can I take either warrant or pension from an officer who would not have been in existence but for my sake, and [illegible] can I require of him to show me his commission, in order to see that it is countersigned by the devil, and so all right (for without ocular inspection of the devil's sign-manual, I would not employ him, but leave him at once), and then, having consummated the transaction, turn round and say, I had nothing to do with voting for the appointment or the oath-taking of that functionary, but only with the money and land! In Botany, which is the more necessary, the radicle or the plumule? In Ornithology, which the more necessary, the egg or the bird? and how can I, as market-man or consumer, sell or eat, either egg or bird, while affecting a Hindoo horror at the other? *and do it for my own benefit, and for no other purpose.* And in government, which most necessary, the election or appointment of the officer to perform the duties, or such a demand for, and acceptance of, the duties performed, as created the moral or political necessity for the office? Can I describe my power of attorney as being vitiated by the worst of all taints—those of immorality and impiety—and yet, found my title or my authority upon that very power? Can I go to the theatre every night, and yet denounce the getters up of the play? Can I read a book over and over again, and yet condemn author, printer and bookseller? If the thief be guilty, the common proverb disposes of the partaker. If it be wicked to kidnap slaves in Africa, it is wicked to buy them in America. And I cannot see why, if it is wicked to elect a man to office, it is not as wicked to stand waiting impatiently till he is qualified by taking a heaven-defying oath, and then employ him. The truth is, the election, qualification and functions of an officer are part of the same whole. Politically speaking, I cannot separate the duties of an officer—postmaster, custom-house officer, or any other—from the voting that authorized the performance of the duties, and the oath-taking that qualified him to perform them.

Well, suppose the non-voter here to say: so far I surrender. As I cannot quarrel with a power which I have myself called into being; so I cannot use a power whose creation I condemn. But I am a SUBJECT, and must take the government that is provided for me; and may, therefore, take the good with the ill.

Let us look at definitions. Are there two words in the language whose meanings are more opposite to each other than the words *subject* and *citizen?* They are antitheses, antipodes, antis of every kind. Mere subjects are those who submit to laws made for them by others; while citizens, directly or indirectly, make and administer their own laws. Now, to affirm that a *citizen* is a *subject*, not because he cannot vote, but because he will not vote, is like affirming that a seeing man is a blind man, because he shuts up his eyes and will not see. It is an abuse of definitions. It is not merely a denial of logic, but of the alphabet of logic. A citizen of the United States, made identical with a slave of Nero, or a serf of Nicholas! And this is not a *conclusion*, laboriously argued out; but an *assumption*, or *postulatum*, to begin the argument with! Look at the facts. The day of election is fixed by law, the meeting is warned, the poll is opened, here is an opportunity to thrust down evil men, to uphold righteous ones, to elect those who will pass wise laws, and abrogate iniquitous laws; and, lo! *there* stands a group of men, who will not drop an inch-long piece of paper into a deal-box, because they are *subjects!* But I cannot mingle with such wicked men! Mingle with them all the more, I say, because they are wicked. Was not that the very reason why Christ came into the world; and shall it send you, as his disciples, out of it?

But, says the non-voter, we abstain because we are the subjects of *a Higher Law*. Then, Mr. Non-voter, you have changed the whole nature and scope of your definition. You claimed to enjoy what government would allow, *as the subject of an earthly power*—of Caligula or of President Fillmore—(did Caligula ever do anything worse for his age than signing the Fugitive Slave Bill was for ours?) and is this Higher Law less beneficent in allowing you to enjoy whatever rights and franchises it places within your reach, than was the lower law of the tyranny you have escaped from? No matter how wicked the despotism was—Pope Gregory's or Louis XIV's—you could enjoy all the privileges it conferred—public roads, libraries or galleries—but when the despotism is miracled (Shakspeare was right in using this verb), when, I say, the despotism is miracled into a republic, and the rights rise to some of the noblest prerogatives that a being created in the image of God can possess, then you are smitten with a moral paralysis, and these rights lie unenjoyed around you, like the beauties and glories of nature around an idiot: no, not paralysis, but what the Doctors call *hemiplegia*—paralysis *on one side only*—being still able to enjoy the rights that pertained to the despotism, but not the higher ones proper to the republic.

But I cannot join a band of criminals. Was Howard a criminal, because he went among criminals? Is the city marshal a robber or a gambler, because he goes into a den of robbers or gamblers to arrest them? Just as much, as it seems to me, as I am, in heart, or thought, or deed, a confederate with pro-slavery men, because I go to the polls, or to Congress, to affix limits to Slavery and the Slave Power. I live in the same town and State with pro-slavery men; I go to the same post-office and custom-house with them; I avail myself of the same public schools and public libraries, and travel in the same cars; why, when all other men flock to the polls to obtain bond and security for all they have, and promise for all they hope, should I then withdraw myself from the men with whom I have all along kept company, and leave my fortunes and the guardianship of my most sacred and endeared principles in the hands of my enemies?

No principle is more familiar than that it is the object and purpose of the act which determine its moral quality. If one wishes to be a member of Congress, or Judge, or Marshal, for the sake of pandering to the Slave Power, either for ambition or for avarice, then let him be *anathema maran-atha;* but if he accepts these offices that he may stand between the oppressor and the oppressed, as the Roman Tribunes stood between the patricians and the people, will not God approve the purpose and the deed? The Pro-Slavery man and the Anti-Slavery man, though they may seem to be performing the same external acts, at the polls, on the bench, or in legislative halls, can no more be likened to each other, than the miserable victim of superstition, who flings himself before the car of Juggernaut to be crushed beneath its wheels, can be likened to a band of self-martyring reformers, who, chained like a Macedonian phalanx into one cohesive mass, cast themselves, in bulk, across the track of the idol-divinity, to block up its progress forever; or than the slaver that sails to the coast of Africa, to bring back its freight of blood for the human shambles, can be compared with the ship that visits the same shores to arrest and subject to condign punishment the stealers of men.

As a corollary from all this, it will be readily seen that, as a voter under our government, I could vote for no one who would commit any violation of the Higher Law; and so, as one eligible to office, I could be a candidate for no post, necessarily involving a breach of that law. And here is the clear-drawn, tangible line of demarcation: Mingle with the government, which you cannot escape from, not to uphold or countenance Slavery, or any other wrong; but to circumscribe, molest and abolish it.

Mr. Editor, I never before brought an argument to a close with so deep a conviction that I had failed to do it justice. I want to devote a week to the subject, and I have had but a day. I want to use the materials which all history proffers me, and I make but here and there a random reference. I want to accept and employ the sacred services of Humanity and Religion, that come to me as allies in this cause, but I have only time to say that, as Christ, while on earth, recognised the existing government of Cæsar so far as to direct the payment of tribute; I believe he would, if now upon earth, recognise the Government of Washington, and the institutions and social improvements which it has created, so far as to sanction the use of steam, printing, the telegraph, the underground railroad and ballot, to bring all civil and religious oppression to an end, and to fulfil his ancient prayer, 'Thy kingdom come.'

Mr. Editor I will avail myself of your permission, and employ my earliest leisure, to prepare one article more. In the meantime, I remain,

Yours very truly, HORACE MANN.

THE HALE [illegible]

A RESPECTED correspondent inquires, in no fault-finding or criticising spirit, but solely to obtain a more thorough knowledge of truth and duty—"How is it that you could consistently partake of a dinner in honour of John P. Hale, and as a token of regard and gratitude for his past course and labours in the American Congress, while he performed those labours under oath that he would, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States—which Constitution you proclaim to the world is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell?"—&c., &c. We answer—for the reason that we gave in the remarks we made on that occasion, that it is both scriptural and right to give credit to whom credit, and honour to whom honour is due. As far as any man—whether connected with the Church or the State—whether agreeing with us in every position we occupy, or otherwise—exhibits a readiness to jeopard his reputation, pecuniary interest, or political advancement, in behalf of the cause of freedom, and will not retreat an inch to avoid the sacrifice, we shall never allow any difference of opinion as to where the principle we adopt in common leads to make us blind to his merit, or to keep us dumb in regard to his heroism. That Mr. Hale, during his six years occupancy of a seat in the U. S. Senate, gave the Slave Power much annoyance, boldly unmasked its designs, and manfully resisted its encroachments, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic; and for this he richly deserved the tribute that was paid him in this city, a short time since. Up to this point we could conscientiously and consistently go; and, moreover, were happy to have an opportunity to express our appreciation of his services, to the full extent that justice demanded. As Jesus said of the idolatrous Romish centurion, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found such great faith, no, not in Israel," without endorsing his idolatry; so we could unite in commending Mr. Hale for his Anti-Slavery efforts, without justifying his support of the U. S. Constitution. No one at the festival misunderstood us on that point; nor do we see how any one outside of it, on reading what we said on that occasion, could intelligently consider our appearance there as a compromise of principle. We then and there defined our views of the Constitution and the Union; yet not in the spirit of controversy (for the nature of the festival forbade it), but with equal delicacy and fidelity, so as to give no room for misapprehension, complaint or cavilling. Hear what a correspondent of the *Essex County Freeman* says about it:

"I hear many especial allusions to Mr. Garrison's speech—allusions made because of that gentleman's peculiar position. His tone was liberal and conciliatory. He did not, however, ask any favours. He did not compromise his position—not in the least. He put forth his disunion idea—and he put it forth distinctly. He recognised the distinction between his own sense of duty and the policy of the Free Soilers as a party. Yet, I repeat it, his tone of address was liberal and generous."

And the following is the testimony of the Boston correspondent of the Cincinnati *Christian Press*, with an invidious fling at the end of it:

"Wm. L. Garrison was called for by some voices in the crowd, and he responded in a felicitous manner, with *the exception* of some anti-union notions peculiar to his school, with which he wound up. I was glad to notice that, after he took this tack, he did not get one note or breath of approval from any person in the assembly. It indicated very clearly that though it was an Anti-Slavery gathering, it was neither anti-constitution nor anti-union."

As far as Mr. Hale, or Mr. Giddings, or Mr. Mann, or Mr. Sumner, or any other public man, has gone in an Anti-Slavery direction, we have joyfully gone with him, and given him all due credit; and where we have criticised or complained of either of them, it has been where we deemed him building upon a sandy foundation. This is to be faithful, and at the same time magnanimous.

It is very difficult to satisfy every body. If we commend Mr. Hale or Mr. Giddings, for certain positive Anti-Slavery deeds they have performed or speeches delivered, then we are gravely asked how we can do so, seeing that they support a pro-slavery Constitution; and if we censure them for upholding such a Constitution, then we are denounced as captious or implacable, and as lacking in a generous appreciation of their Anti-Slavery services—and we are told that we ought to let them alone, to labour in their own way, and according to their own best judgment. All this arises either from a want of clear discrimination, or a morbid state of mind. "Credit to whom credit," censure to whom censure is due.

Mr. Hale possesses one manly trait of character, in particular, which we highly prize; it is, unfailing good temper, whenever, or however, or by whomsoever criticised or rebuked. He is never irascible, never abusive, never malignant. He holds himself amenable to censure, and is too ingenuous and noble to ascribe personal ill-will to himself as the motive for any impeachment of his course or position on the part of Disunion Abolitionists. He understands the spirit by which we are animated—he knows the intentions and aims of such men as Phillips, and Quincy, and Pillsbury, and Foster, too well to fly into a passion, or to accuse them of self-righteousness on the one hand, or of bitter detraction on the other, whenever we or they express any disapprobation of his course. Such, also, is the nobility of soul of Joshua R. Giddings. When we cease to admire or to reciprocate it, we hope to have the decency to retire from the field of moral conflict. It is a pity that some other prominent Free Soil advocates are not able either to set such an example, or to profit by it; that they are so thin-skinned as to writhe like a slave under the lash whenever the gentlest rebuke is administered to them; and that they sometimes descend to the use of very ungentlemanly language and contemptuous personalities, simply because some of their acts are regarded as inconsistent with their professions. "Let the *galled* jade wince."—*Liberator.*

A GENUINE "EXAGGERATION."—We have a genuine "exaggeration" in our office; a real, bona fide, visible, tangible, undeniable "exageration." We have read of such things in Abolition papers, and such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, and have always been informed by those persons who claim to exhibit in their individual persons the greatest possible conservating power of the "Union" that such things are "exaggerations." Now the specimen referred to was taken off the heel of one of the ebony images of our Maker by the person who handed it to us. It was in the State of Arkansas that the said image was known to drag about this "exaggeration," fastened to his bare ankle to prevent him from resenting good treatment, and at the same time demonstrating by an experimental trip to Canada his inability to take care of himself, and his ingratitude to his best friends. Of course he did not want to go; oh no! the "exaggeration" was merely riveted upon his bleeding limbs in order that it might gently remind him that he could not go if he would.

This "exaggeration" consists of a bar of iron two inches wide, upwards of half an inch thick, and three feet in length, weighing about *eleven pounds*, bent so as to clasp around the ankle and made fast by large iron rivets. We should have called this specimen of American Democracy a *manacle*, but we submit to the etymology of the times and call it an "exaggeration!"

It was handed to us by one of our townsmen whose word we presume was never doubted, with the assurance that he actually saw it worn by a slave in Arkansas, who had committed no crime, and whose only sin was a desire to be free. We invite any one who has any curiosity to know the exact nature of an Abolition exaggeration to call and see this undoubted specimen at our office, where it will be exposed free of charge. We should like exceedingly to have some of our Hunker friends who think exaggerations only exist in books and newspapers, call and "try it on." Perhaps if some of our humane gentlemen would just call, take off their boots and stockings—roll up the bottoms of their cassimeres, get one of our blacksmiths to rivet their attention and the iron at the same time, and let some stout stage-driver bustle them round the public square a few minutes, their perceptions might be a little quickened.

We submitted our ankle to its rugged embrace the other day, and took a turn or two round the "Chronicle Office," dragging the cumbrous appendage after us, and trying to imagine how we should feel thus [illegible], robbed of our Freedom and every gift of manhood—the dog—the beast of burthen of some southern task-master. We [illegible] grew sick at the thought, and the horrid iron seem to clasp the ankle like a serpent as we tore it off in haste.—*Western Reserve Chronicle.*

THE STANDARD.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

BEFORE THE

New England Anti-Slavery Convention,

Wednesday Evening, May 25th.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I listened to a lecture, a short time ago, from that very remarkable woman, once a slave, SOJOURNER TRUTH. She begun by saying, 'My friends, I have come here out of curiosity to hear what I am going to say' (great laughter); and I might almost commence in the same tone, what I fear will be some very desultory remarks. And yet, it seems to me that I have something to say; certainly, I have a strong wish to make those whom I see before me to-night understand a point on which much misapprehension prevails.

We have been blamed very much, of late—we have been rebuked, to be sure, for a great many years, but more peculiarly within the last year or two—for what is called the bitter spirit with which we criticise the political parties; and it seems to be thought, by many, that this is unnecessary criticism—that it is one from which we could refrain, if we would, without sacrificing, in any way, the interests of our cause.

It seems to me that our peculiar function and duty, as Abolitionists, is constantly to direct our attention to just this point—to the men who profess to embody, for the time being, the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country; especially those who represent *political* Anti-Slavery. The whole history of the Slave Question, both here and in England, shows that *rigid adherence to principle* is the best policy and only strength of our enterprise. Now, 'the essence of politics is compromise.' So common-place a truism needs no authority to back it; but I prefer to shield an unpalatable truth with the cover of a great name. The above are Macaulay's words, in his able review of the condition of England in 1689. Elsewhere he says—'A public man is often under the necessity of consenting to measures which he dislikes, lest he should endanger the success of measures which he thinks of vital importance. But the historian lies under no such necessity. On the contrary, it is one of his most sacred duties to point out clearly the errors of those whose general conduct he admires.' Instead of 'historian,' write *Garrison Abolitionist*—whose whole reliance is on strict principle, urged home on individual conscience, and rigidly applied to our trade and politics—and the sentence fitly describes our function.

It becomes, therefore, our duty to watch politics, *because it is politics* (cheers); because its essential temptation is to file down its principles and compromise them. The principal of moral life and personal integrity is—Put your ideal as high as possible; the effort to realize it, though a failure, will carry you very high. The principle of party life is—Put your ideal as low as you can without wholly sacrificing your object. Every degree that you relax gains a follower, and widens the basis of your party. The two must then naturally and essentially conflict, and the duty of those who see no prospect of success but in the most rigid adherence to principle, must be, at all times and on all occasions, to watch with sleepless vigilance those whose very position constantly tempts them to sacrifice principle to the hope of immediate or party success. The judgment of the gravest and most disinterested is not to be trusted under such circumstances. Natural pride in party triumph sometimes takes, for them, the angel form of the success of their principle. In the confusion of the struggle, the best intentioned, having persuaded themselves that *compromise* is allowable, will carry it too far, and sacrifice to party safety all the efficiency of its principles. As the trembling sailor throws overboard his cargo to save the ship, his only hope of reaching harbour, so many a party man treats his principles to save the organization, which base men regard as the only hope of reaching office; and which the best come often to consider the *only means* of reaching their principle.

Let me illustrate what I mean. The Anti-Slavery movement commenced in England in 1783. Until 1787 or '89, when it got into Parliament, and from that time till 1825, it lived the same sort of semi-vigorous or lethargic life that our political Anti-Slavery does. Now, it compromised to please Mr. Pitt; now it remained quiet in order not to frighten men who grew pale before the French Revolution; now it was cushioned by the Tories; and now buried in Blue Books by the Whigs. First, the Abolitionists resolved only to attack the slave trade, for fear of alarming the slaveholders of Jamaica and their friends in the House of Lords. Next, they asked only gradual Abolition, to propitiate Bristol, which feared a sudden loss of trade. Then they took on themselves the task of proving that such Abolition would not injure the English marine; for, strangely enough, the African coast was claimed as the best nursery of seamen. And thus the Abolitionists lost themselves in a wilderness of Blue Books, designed to prove, to the entire satisfaction of the white man, that he could take his foot off the neck of his black brother without risking the loss of a farthing. For forty years, the said white man stood considering whether he was convinced! All this while, Wilberforce, with all his sincerity, aided by the strong personal friendship of Pitt, and with all the assistance which Fox, the head of the Whig party, could give him, laboured almost in vain. Those two great men sunk into their graves, and others stood in their places. A nominal Abolition of the *Trade*, which only made it more cruel, was the Abolitionists' only and very questionable claim to success. Forty years of misdirected effort were behind them. Before them, the system of West India Slavery reared its unparalleled front, with as proud defiance as ever. At length, a woman, outside of these political organizations, proclaimed the simple, gospel principle, that Slavery was a *sin*—bade England look at it in the light, not of the white man's *interests*, but the coloured man's *rights*—and, by an appeal to the consciences of the middle classes, took the subject out of that everlasting list of political questions, where nothing is ever settled except by being forgotten. The moment ELIZABETH HEYRICK had infused into the Anti-Slavery question the enthusiasm of this religious conviction, a new era dawned upon it. Her pamphlet was, in fact, a rebuke—a most stringent, searching, and personal rebuke—of the thirty or forty years of wasted Anti-Slavery effort. The noble sincerity of those men is shown in the fact, that instead of receiving the criticism in anger, or standing aloof from the new movement, they sat themselves down—scholars, statesmen, leaders, great men as they were—at the feet of this Quaker prophetess, and consented to learn of her the idea of a practical Anti-Slavery agitation which in nine years did more for the settlement of the question than all their lives had done before.

Again: when, in 1833, the question of political compromise, or of absolute fidelity to Anti-Slavery principle, was to be settled, so far as the question of compensation went; when the three hundred delegates met in London, and refused their countenance even to FOWELL BUXTON, standing as he did the incarnation of political Anti-Slavery, battling almost alone, and appealing to their personal sympathies for support—though a large part of the Anti-Slavery body refused him their countenance, on the ground that he was lowering the standard of absolute right and endangering the cause throughout the world; and though BUXTON trembled, that last night in the House of Commons, to make the compromise in his own name which the experience of twenty years has shown to have been a most unrighteous one for the English people—all that while, neither he nor the few who acted with him presumed to find fault with the moral Anti-Slavery men who were behind them, and who were endeavouring to keep them up to a higher sense of duty.

Just what ELIZABETH HEYRICK did to WILBERFORCE, just what the Anti-Slavery host did to FOWELL BUXTON, DR. LUSHINGTON, and the others, we do. We stand, claiming to have done as much to produce this Anti-Slavery excitement as others; to have an equal right, therefore, both as its fathers and from experience, to express our opinion about it; to have our common right, as American citizens, to hold our public servants to a strict account in regard to it. We claim the right to criticise the Free Soil or any other party, to criticise Free Soil or any other men, to any extent (cheers)—to any extent, and to any degree of personality. Who is the servant that claims to be above his masters? for such are the people in a republic. I know no person in this matter; but I know this, that the good name of no human being, however meritorious, is worthy to be considered or put in the scale for a moment against the possibility of hazarding the welfare of the Anti-Slavery cause (loud cheers); and that man over-estimates his own importance, and brings into doubt his love for the cause himself, who asks us to forbear criticism on the individual course. It is the duty of all of us to welcome criticism. We are all fools in this matter; for who shall prophesy, in the midst of a Democracy like ours—with its shifting politics, and its quicksands of constitutional law and commercial interest—what the future shall bring forth! The best thing we can do is to bring forward our opinion, put it into the common stock, and let it be tried.

How absurd in an Anglo-Saxon statesman to complain of personality! His whole past is the history of struggles in which, for the hour, a great principle was hid behind some loved or hated name. If I mistake not, we owe Habeas Corpus to the Spaniards cutting off a sea captain's ears. The English Constitution comes down to us, through the ages, not by the steps of logical deduction, but by a transmigration, like that of Eastern Mythology, through martyrs and patriots. The war-cries have not been 'Toleration' and 'Equal Rights,' 'Extended Suffrage' and 'No Taxation without consent,' but Mary and Latimer, Charles and Hampden, James and the Seven Bishops; Wilkes and the House of Commons; O'Connell and the Penal Laws. William III. landed in Devonshire, not because James had made fewer Catholics, but because Jeffries had left more widows and orphans, in those counties. True, the age is gone when the masses, like a herd, blindly follow a leader. Education and instinctive sagacity make them now desert a man the moment he deserts his principles. Still, an ineradicable loyalty seems to demand names as mantles for ideas. Our own united history begins with Washington, who was found wanting, weighed against the idol of the masses, Thomas Jefferson; and the third act is Jackson and the United States Bank. As these lend their names to an age, so each lesser man lends his to an hour. The acts of such men are so fruitful, in good or evil, as to demand constant attention. Let no man take part in such a drama who does not, like Drusus, offer his architect double to have 'his house so built that not his neighbours only, but the whole city, may see all he does.' Besides, men trusted with office have great power to mould our welfare. As long as their actions affect us, we have a right to criticise; as long as their policy helps or hazards the slave's cause, we shall watch them (cheers). We meet everywhere with the evil results of too much reliance on political effort. One man forbears now to anger the Church, by too keen criticism, and abstains from attending old-fashioned Anti-Slavery meetings, for fear of injury to his party. Another more than pulls down with one hand what he builds with the other, by remaining quiet in a pro-slavery church, and quieting his conscience by the atonement of a Free Soil ballot. The zeal of another, which once laid all on the altar, now, more prudently instructed, contents itself with one solitary exhibition of life in November. One man does this honestly, following new lights. Another, half-conscious of his treason, betrays the pangs of an accusing conscience by the abuse of those whose persistent fidelity rebukes him. Another seems to join the party only that he may better defend some pet pro-slavery institution and inveigh against what he calls the 'radicalism and infidelity' of the Anti-Slavery movement from a better vantage ground. The labour of years had educated the Anti-Slavery mind to its full work, brought it face to face with the Slave Power, and taught it to trace the roots of the system into the Counting-house, the Union, and the Pulpit. Party, in assuming to gather into its fold all that host, has carried it back to the beggarly elements of right of petition and of discussion, Slavery-extension, and the mere incidents of the system.

Now, party is a good thing in its place. It seems impossible that Liberty should live without political parties. But their place is subordinate. When Cobden, the agitator, has created public sentiment, Peel, the politician, stereotypes it into statutes. This is the office of the politician. He transcends it when he represents himself as qualified to originate radical reforms and change public opinion in its depths; and he does nothing but harm when he undertakes to crowd the reformer from his right place, to cripple his force, to check his plans, and cool the zeal of his followers by holding out some less radical measure as a sufficient means of progress. The reformer is careless of numbers, disregards popularity, and deals only with ideas, conscience, and common sense. He neither expects nor is over anxious for immediate success. He feels, with Copernicus, that God has waited long for an interpreter, so he may well wait for followers. The politician dwells in the everlasting *Now*. His motto is, 'Success!' His aim, numbers. His object, not absolute right, but, like Solon's laws, as much right as the people will bear. His office is not to instruct, or to change public opinion, but to represent it by appropriate public institutions. These, I believe, are the respective functions of the reformer and politician. Of course, they often, in practical life, run into each other, like the colours on a dove's neck. But the essential character of each remains the same. Now, we have no quarrel with Anti-Slavery parties while they undertake simply to represent, and thus make effective and practical the existing Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country—or when they seek to aid in remodelling public opinion. But when they hold themselves forth as the highest type of Anti-Slavery effort, presume to assign limits, beyond which they tell us we ruin our cause, *meaning the party*, if we go; when they cool the zeal, confuse the conscience, weaken the testimony and increase the temptations of Abolitionists, as parties are ever tempted to do; then, self-defence and duty to the slave require that we examine the whole ground, and teach them their place. When two hosts, such as I have described, are engaged in the same field, they must necessarily watch each other; one to reduce opinion, as fast as it is made, to statute; the other to see that the mistake, selfishness, or peculiar temptation to compromise, inherent in these mediators between them and their age, do not wreck the cause they mean honestly to serve.

You must expect, therefore, that as long as the Anti-Slavery cause exists, it will be personal; it never will be anything else. Politics is necessarily made up of personality. We spend our strength, we see important questions put, for the time, aside, to elect a man to office. When he assumes it, shall we shut our eyes, and put our hands on our lips, not daring to watch his course, or criticise it? We waited a whole year, to elect our esteemed friend, CHARLES SUMNER, to the Senate of the United States. The Free Soilers said to us, when we asked them to pass a bill for the security of personal liberty in Massachusetts, 'Forgive us this once. Let it have the go-by this year. We do not want to press your resolves (they had been drawn up by Messrs. BUCKINGHAM and SEWALL); it is necessary to keep everything quiet, and elect Mr. Sumner. Give us but this winter; we will do an efficient work, and place a *man* in the Senate of the United States.' They did it. They took that whole year, and they achieved that triumph. It was the whole fruit of that remarkable session, when the Free Soil party had a working majority at the State House. Shall men say, after the Anti-Slavery men have sat silent and foreborne their favourite topics of legislation, that we have no right to inquire what the Senator means to do, what his course of policy and what his public life will be? Do you 'give us a pig in a poke'? Do you expect us to give up the whole working year of a Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Legislature, and never look in the face the man whom you give us in exchange? Are we never to know his opinions? Do you ask that we shall never criticise him? Certainly not! The man whom the Anti-Slavery cause puts into a place of office and trust must be transparent; one whose principles are borne before the public, and known to be worthy the sacrifice that we make for him. I choose Mr. SUMNER's name as an illustration, well knowing that he would disdain to ask any such exemption.

What do these politicians claim? They claim that their plan is as efficient to educate the people as our own; that political organizations can and will discuss questions as thoroughly and meet all the necessities of the cause as boldly as any others. Let them be tried by this test. They have succeeded so far as to put their favourite leaders into Congress and the State Legislatures. They have been bold men, ready debaters, accomplished jurists. Mr. Hale has been six years in the Senate. No man can say that he has been silent when he ought to have spoken, or that he has submitted to the insolence of an overbearing majority. But when has he, or any of his compeers, grappled with the whole subject? When has he proposed any plan for its settlement? What statesmanlike project has he tried to make familiar to the people's ears. These men are sent to Congress, we are told, not for the audience they find there, but to reäct on the people, to reëducate the masses. What new light have the masses got from Free Soil Conventions or Congress speeches? What has Congress been but the echo of the Anti-Slavery discussions of ten years ago? When and where has this professedly Anti-Slavery party ever attempted to grapple with the whole Slave Question, proposed any plan, laid down any principle, submitted [illegible] any radical measure? [illegible] not claim to be an Anti-Slavery party, say some, only a party to resist the extension of Slavery. Let its friends, then, take their proper place, as representing a temporary expedient to cover a single point, and not compare it with movements which undertake the whole question, and are not afraid to look Slavery itself in the face. This is not, however, the usual line of defence. Most Free Soilers claim to cover the whole ground; indeed, busy themselves with urging us to give up our peculiarities and join them. They rather blame us for judging the party by its formal resolutions, necessarily limited and moderate, and allege that the men are better than the party. I grant it. Strangely enough you can learn their principles better anywhere than in their speeches and platforms. Platforms and party speeches deprecate any resistance to law, and so avoid responsibility. But I do not see that the party is slow to claim merit, when Anti-Slavery feeling tramples the Fugitive Slave Law, violently, under foot! This party discussion of Slavery, so potent to reëducate the masses and cover the whole field, has no rebuke for the Church. To utter one would endanger its growth and lessen its numbers. But the leaders are entirely willing others should fight that battle, provided such nameless troops bear off, patient scapegoats, all the odium, and leave them nothing but the advantage. The cat loves fish, but does not like to wet her feet. Let Condé and Turenne take the city; LOUIS lounges at Versailles, and leaves it only (at election time) to receive the surrender. Consult one set of speeches, and Slavery looms up through the cloudy magnificence of the language, a thing so horrible, an evil of such magnitude, that, in describing it, the most vivid imagination pants and 'toils after it in vain'; before it, the utmost vigour of our language folds its hands in mute despair; 'the war-denouncing trumpet' of the speaker assures you that Slavery will not *survive this Union thirty years!* You turn over the leaf, and, to your surprise, the speaker, 'roaring gently as a sucking dove,' professes his allegiance to this Union—*the Siamese twin brother* of the monster he has been painting; tells Whig and Democrat that he joins them 'most cordially in avowing regard for it and resolution to stand by it'! clings to the title of 'Union loving' party; tells men they may 'spare their breath in exhorting them to abide by it'; and ends by letting the world know that he deems any appeal to the party to stand by the Union so unnecessary as to amount to an affront and an insult!

The Union! No one outdoes these gentlemen in praising the Union. All the old stereotyped phrases drop from their lips; and they eulogise it in language as fulsome and indiscriminate as any who sue to the people for their 'most sweet voices.' But hold them to their words, ask them how they can thus endorse, wholesale, a Union of which, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS being witness, *the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of Slavery is the vital and animating spirit*; and straightway some tool starts up to demand, with ludicrous indignation, whether you did not know that the Union Free Soilers praise is not the *present Union*, but one *in posse*, one that is to exist somewhere and sometime! a cloud-castle! a *Chateau en Espagne!* about as real as Don Quixote's castles or Dulcinea's charms! It seems that, like certain old foes of ours who 'hated slavery in the abstract,' these eulogists refer to the Union 'in the abstract!' If this fact be so, and these fine words were not really meant as the world took them, we apprehend the speakers will not thank their backwoods friend for letting the cat out of the bag. Seriously, we find grave fault with some leading men for the indiscriminate language in which they speak of the Union. If they mean their words shall be taken as ninety-nine men in a hundred do take them, and as they would be universally taken if spoken by Democrat and Whig, they are strangely inconsistent men. If they have a reserved meaning, and refer to the Union not as it now is, but as it once was, and as they would fain make it, let me say, they trifle with truth in using the stereotype phrases of the old parties, are winning good opinions 'by guile,' and their allegiance, like the devil's promises, is kept to the ear and broken to the hope. And this leads me, Mr. President, to the subject we have been discussing to-day. We have been seeking to discover what position leading Free Soilers hold towards the United States Constitution. What position the Party holds is clear. The Party considers it a pro-slavery Instrument, and offers the oath in its support in the same sense and with the same extent as the other political parties. This is evident, from the fact that they make profession of no other position. Each party defines its *peculiar* principles. If nothing is said on common topics, often discussed and considered settled, it is fairly to be presumed that the new party agrees with its predecessors. But it is here we are so often reminded that the men are much better than their party, much in advance of it, and accustomed to construe their oaths and the Constitution in some way that saves them from the damning inconsistency of their apparent position. One thinks the Constitution an Anti-Slavery instrument, and holds that every citizen has a right to interpret laws to suit himself. Another holds to the old view of these points, but means to resign the office when called on to do anything for Slavery; like a captain who assumes charge of the ship, but intends to lock himself into the cabin in case of a storm. Another is bolder than this, and goes to Congress with the avowed intention of refusing to do all his constitutional duties; he will appoint no officers, enact no laws, vote for no appropriations; but spend his time, instead, in abusing his fellow-members who do; and the climax of all is what may be called a *patent member of the party*, who keeps his principles undecided, and leans to one set when invited to State office, and another when sent into the National arena.

It is fair to say, that these last are only the masks or resting places of men who are verging to the radical and consistent idea, that the Constitution is pro-slavery, but who have not the courage to avow their doubts or their new opinion. The Free Soiler who thinks the Constitution an Anti-Slavery instrument, and that each office-holder has a right to construe it to suit himself, is at least consistent. Under no other conditions do I see that an Abolitionist can consistently take office or swear to support the Constitution. I say it is a theory consistent with itself. How sound it is, I will not say now, except that it seems to me, should we adopt the same rules in the construction and performance of our neighbours' wills that are held up for us in this Constitution matter, we should end, and justly too, in the Penitentiary. However, we will find no fault with any man who acts consistently with the opinions he has honestly formed on these matters. My only surprise and criticism is, that gentlemen who entertain these opinions *refuse to avow them*. If I am correctly informed, some of the most honoured men in the Free Soil ranks privately defend their oath to the Constitution on the ground that it is a thoroughly Anti-Slavery instrument, and that each office-holder has a right to interpret it for himself. If the fact be so, I wish them to avow it for two special reasons among many others.

First, what a weapon for agitation, what a stringent appeal to the conscience, if men of mark in the nation deem the government so rotten that no theory but this will justify them in taking office! What a rebuke to the old parties, if we can brand their very basis of political life as wicked, and quote a great party as our endorsers! How much deeper the conviction, among common men, of the sin of Slavery, and how much plainer their course, if the stumbling-block of honoured men supporting, as common folks think, a pro-slavery government, and compromising with Slavery for the sake of office, can be taken from their path!

Secondly, that a thunderclap from a clear sky, for the Slave Power, will be the official announcement, on the floor of Congress, of the advent of a great party which holds itself bound by no alleged compromises of the Constitution, means to unseat the *three-fifths basis* members as soon as possible, and laughs at decisions of the Supreme Court! Official position, professional standing, eminent learning, mature age, growing numbers, unconquerable zeal, will then give to this idea a startling terror.

There are peculiar reasons just now why, on both the above-named accounts, the proclamation of this theory is important. It is very evident that the South is divided into two parties. One seeks to strengthen Slavery by extension, by large annexations of territory, and contemplates disunion as the last resort. The other sees plainly enough that all this is but the turning of the fevered patient on his uneasy bed. This party is looking for some grand settlement of the whole question under the Constitution. Their object is to make the best terms possible with the rising Anti-Slavery sentiment. They know that the earlier they trade, the more their wares are worth. The Sybil of Liberty rises every day in her demands. Compensation, gladly accorded to-day, may be indignantly refused ten years hence. Auxiliary to such views, we know well that the Whig and Democratic parties would grant almost any terms to drive the question from the political arena, and destroy the need for third parties. I am assured that the Hon. S. P. Chase, of the United States Senate, has been stating, in Central New York, that he should not be surprised to see Mr. SEWARD put forward by a section of the South, for the Presidency, with the hope that, under his lead, some plan, commensurate with the crisis, may be made for the final settlement of this whole question. If there indeed be any such slumbering element at the South, imagine what new life, what potent energy would be given it by the announcement of such a position assumed by the Free Soil party? How, in view of the growth of such a foe, the wary South would hasten the settlement of this question? 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has made the iron hot: let us strike with our heaviest hammer while it is so. We cannot hold an Anti-Slavery meeting and describe the third party by its platform resolutions, but up starts some zealous partisan, and begs us to do them no injustice; they hold not only with us, that Slavery ought not to exist, but they go further, and hold that there is no legal or valid Slavery anywhere in the land. What I ask is, let not that ghost disturb only a patient Anti-Slavery meeting in the Melodeon, but rise up before the assembled Senate of the United States (loud cheers). If Mr. SUMNER thinks, as some men hint, that the Anti-Slavery construction of the Constitution is tenable, let him argue it in the face of the nation, [illegible] his official and legal influence into the scale; and I for one will say, God speed the encounter (renewed cheers). But I want the lines drawn. I want the South startled, if possible, to an immediate settlement of this question, by the conviction that the ground is hollowing under her feet; that the conviction of the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution is rapidly gaining ground—so rapidly, that men with the legal reputation which Mr. SUMNER and his friends possess are willing to take the theory and endorse it as sound before all parties. But no, these gentlemen will not say that. At the same time, when you get one of them into a meeting of three or four thousand at the North, when you put him on his *voir dire* (as lawyers say) to tell what he will do in a certain case, he replies that he has nothing to do with the Constitution—he never means to obey any of its so-called pro-slavery clauses. I do not want his opinion. What I wish is the assurance of his party that it will construe Slavery out of the Constitution the moment it gets the power; and I want every man, of prominent and weighty Anti-Slavery reputation, who believes it, to confess it in public, not hold it in private alone.

I do not like the theory; I do not think it is tenable; but it is a very startling one. It is one, as we well know, capable of most ingenious defence; and who can say that the unlimited and unterrified Democracy will not one day take it up and make it a stalking-horse for their purposes?

I ask that every man may bring forward his most efficient measure just now for another reason. The success of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has made an era in our cause. We have a world-wide interest on the subject. Mrs. STOWE holds in her hands a million of hearts. It is fair to expect that out of this grand excitement something marked will grow. The world looks on Mrs. STOWE, just now, as the incarnation of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. She stands on an eminence with the eyes of a world fixed upon her. Men expect from her some advice, some example, some plan. She must *do* something, or she balks the hopes of Christendom. If she cannot show these fresh-pledged soldiers of the cross some plain road to the Holy Land, she will fall, like the rocket, as quickly as she ascended. I believe she will try (loud cheers). The pulpit is to some extent with her. Various religious bodies will be obliged to obey her voice. Girt with so much power, she will assuredly vindicate her high place by efforts worthy of it. At such a moment, when so many eyes are fixed on the Anti-Slavery field, when so many are asking what they shall do, let us keep every banner flying that can help them forward or guide them right. Into what channel shall the religious interest be turned? How shall our civil influence be exerted? The last of these questions we have been trying to investigate to-day. The questions, What is the meaning of a vote? and What is the meaning of an oath, under our Constitution? have been somewhat thoroughly discussed.—There is one theory put forward by our political friends here on which I would like to say a word. Our political friends tell us that though the Fugitive Slave Law stands regularly on the statute book, they do not hold themselves bound, as office-holders or good citizens, to obey it; and that even if there be pro-slavery clauses in the Constitution, recognised by President, Congress, the Supreme Court and the nation, they shall not observe them. This is their theory of government; their idea of constitutional obligation. At the same time, we are urged to join the Free Soil party, and told its plan is to get the majority on its side, and then repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, strike the pro-slavery clauses from the Constitution, and make it an Anti-Slavery instrument. Suppose all these good things done, will the minority of that day be brought to obey you! Do you say 'Yes'? Then why are not you, at present a minority, legally bound to obey the Fugitive Slave Law and the pro-slavery clauses now, while they stand in force and backed by the majority? Why are not CHARLES SUMNER, and SALMON P. CHASE, and J. R. GIDDINGS, and GERRIT SMITH, and the other gentlemen of the Free Soil party, bound to obey, while the majority is against them? ('Hear—hear.') If they *are* bound to obey to-day, do they mean to obey? The Fugitive Slave Law is on the statute-book—Mr. Free-Soil-Senator, do you mean to obey it? 'No!' What is the object of the Free Soil party? 'To get a better law on the statute-book.' When you have got it, is Mr. Soulé bound to obey it? If he is not, then what is the use of all this trouble to get it there? (Applause.)

This whole party are now in the minority. They propose to obtain a majority, and put good laws on the statute-book. When they have done this, will the pro-slavery minority be bound to obey them? According to this Free Soil theory, they will not. Then what is the use of working the ends of one's fingers off to get a majority? (Cheers.)

Our friends ask us—If you do not send any body to Congress, how do you expect to emancipate the slaves? Yankee like, we answer by asking, When Congress has passed a law looking to the freedom of his slaves, will the slaveholder be bound to obey it? Certainly he will. Their argument is worth nothing unless he is. But Congress has now passed the Fugitive Slave Law—why don't you obey that? Because it is not constitutional? Who says so? We say so—we individual citizens. But the slaveholder will have the same right to declare your laws unconstitutional, and refuse to obey them (cheers).

Let us go a step further. Congress is one of the three great elements of the Government. We get Congress full of Free Soilers; we pass an act giving freedom to every slave in the United States. Mr. Soulé, when he sees this Liberty Law, may go home to Louisiana, and, as Mr. Sumner said in Faneuil Hall, 'I was a *man* before I was a Commissioner,' he may say, in the Faneuil Hall of New Orleans, 'I was a *slaveholder* before I was a Senator;' and is not his position as legally tenable as yours?

But you are going to do more than that. Our friend said he would get the Supreme Court new-modelled, and have it construe the Constitution to be an Anti-Slavery instrument. Will the slaveholders be bound to obey the Supreme Court when the change is made? because, if they will, why are not our friends bound to obey it now?

The fact is, we have heard of a man's biting his own nose off, to spite his face, and of the silly fellow who sawed off the branch on which he sat. But the most practical exemplification of it is the Free Soil party undermining the very arguments on which their own ultimate success depends. There are, indeed, several classes of logicians busily engaged in cutting their own throats. Here stands a Democrat anxious to convince you that a negro, being inferior in intellect, has no right to be free. The eager disputant forgets, that if his argument be sound, his own class have no right either to personal freedom or suffrage. Hard by, some holy man assures us that it is quite unnecessary to give negroes the Bible, or teach them to read it. You might imagine a shrewd Catholic smiling over his shoulder to see how earnestly the good man is knocking away the underpinning of Protestantism. For if blacks do not need to read the Bible, how could Luther prove that it was indispensable for whites?

Similar is the position of the Free Soiler. This very argument that proves his party innocent, proves it useless. He feels free to swear allegiance and take office under a slaveholding government, because, as citizen and officer, he does not hold himself bound to obey the laws. And he wastes his life in getting laws made which, on his own theory, he must grant everybody else leave to disobey, if they please!

This matter is wholly independent of all forms of government, and, so far as this question is concerned, it matters not what special provisions the Constitution contains. The question relates to the very essence of all government. Government is an arrangement or agreement by which certain classes or individuals are selected to make laws; some distinct body is set apart to settle, definitively, what these laws mean. Such laws, thus construed, all members and subjects of the government are LEGALLY bound to obey. This is the essence of all government, no matter what its form. It may be kingly, or aristocratic, or republican. In this country the theory is that the majority govern through Congress. They have set the Supreme Court apart to construe laws. Laws thus made and construed all who consider themselves citizens are *legally* bound to obey. In view of this, let us look at the Fugitive Slave Law. Congress has enacted it; the President has approved it; so far as it has ever come before the Supreme Court, it has been declared constitutional. Now, while this statute stands, thus regularly and unquestioned, on the statute-book, do Free Soil members of Congress and Free Soil citizens mean to obey it, in good faith, by appointing officers to execute it, paying them, and sustaining them in their duty? If so, how do they reconcile all this with their Anti-Slavery professions that to return slaves to a master is sin? If they do not mean to act in such good faith, is not *government* resolved into anarchy, where each man does what seems 'right in his own eyes'? What use will there be in securing the repeal of this law, and enacting their great panacea, JURY TRIAL, if citizens and subsequent Congresses are at liberty, on this Free Soil theory of government, to leave the new law disobeyed? If each Free Soiler is entitled to settle the meaning of laws and determine his *legal* obligations by his own opinion and conscience, of course there are just twenty million men who have the same right as he; and this seems a singular method of securing that *uniformity of law* without which there is, properly speaking, no *government*.

Let it be remembered, that I do not deny that our Free Soil friend, if a legislator, may try to get the law repealed. I do not deny that, as a lawyer, he may get up a case, and try to make the Court reverse the decision. But I ask whether, *while it remains on the statute book, and while the Supreme Court recognises it as constitutional*, he, as an Officer of Government, means to aid in giving effect to its provisions, by providing process and appointing officers, &c. After which, he is not at liberty, as an honourable man and good citizen, to resist such process and such officers; but, contrariwise, is bound to assist the one in executing the other, if lawfully called on to do so. From the nature of government, and the harmonious co-operation necessary to its success, no honourable man holding office under it has a right to abuse, discountenance and resist other officers, when engaged in the discharge of their lawful duties. He is bound to give a whole-hearted support to laws and officers belonging to the same State as himself. How incongruous and absurd for a Representative to go about denouncing Marshals and Judges for obeying that Constitution which he also serves, and is voting them pay for serving! If the Free Soiler says 'Yes,' to my question above, and avows that he shall obey the regularly enacted laws of the country until they are repealed, then I ask, How does his relation to the catching of slaves, or any other subject on which Congress may legislate, differ from that of slaveholding Representatives themselves? If he says 'No,' and asserts that he has a right to interpret the Constitution for himself, and nullify an existing law, then, it seems to me, he turns the Government into an anarchy. Every other man has the same right that he has. Hence, the Constitution will be one thing in Boston, and another thing at Philadelphia; one thing one side of the street, and quite a different thing opposite. Shall such a man call himself a Union man—a supporter of the Constitution? Is he not the true *no-Government man* of whom we hear so much?

Even if his theory were correct, the Free Soil voter has not wholly discharged himself from responsibility from the slaveholding government. We are frequently asked, can one be responsible for the election of a man, or the passage of a law against which he voted? No, perhaps not, under a government like the English. But, yes, very often, under a written Constitution like ours. There are certain things which each office-holder may do, *by virtue of that Constitution*, to which we, by mere voting, assent. Whether our candidate or his opponent be chosen, our taking part in the election authorizes *those acts*. Every voter in the last election is morally responsible for the election of President Pierce, and for all the *ordinary constitutional acts* he may do. Every voter, under this Constitution, is understood to assent to this fundamental principle, that 'the majority shall govern.' When, under such a Constitution as ours, he enters a Presidential canvass, he, in effect, says, 'My candidate shall be President, and execute the *ordinary functions*, if he gets the most votes; and I agree that your candidate shall be President, and *execute all the ordinary functions of the office*, if he obtains more votes than my friend.' I will not stop now to unfold this idea, but every frank and honourable mind will readily see that this is an essential condition of constitutional government. But let it be remembered that among the *ordinary functions* of our government are many which give direct support to Slavery. Let it be remembered, that our discussion relates to the Constitution *as it is*. True, as we are often reminded, it may be amended. When amended, it will be a different thing; and when it becomes a different thing, our duties toward it will be different. But the question is, What shall we do with it *as it is*? When it is changed, we will change. Like Miss Martineau's little orphan, when told not to cry, as his foot would not ache to-morrow, replied, 'Then I won't cry to-morrow' (laughter and cheers).

One friend, who took part in the discussion this afternoon, acknowledged the evil in the Constitution, but thought himself justified in swearing to support it, wicked as it is, in order to gain power to change its wicked provisions. Take a parallel case. Here is a church. It believes in the five points of Calvinism. You live in the neighbourhood, and would prefer it should be a Universalist church. You resolve to join it, in order to effect the change. You present yourself before the clergyman, and announce that you wish to join his church. He hands you the printed creed and asks, 'Do you believe in the Trinity? in Natural Depravity?' &c. &c. You answer, 'Yes, on my faith as a Christian man, I do.' You sign the creed, and, after further examination, are admitted to the church. Next morning, as you pass down the street, a friend accosts you—'Well, so you have turned orthodox!' 'O, no!' you cheerily reply. 'But you believe in Election, in Depravity, and all the rest?' 'Not a bit of it.' 'But you signed the creed, and said you so believed?' 'Ah, that indeed. But I do not believe a word of it. My design, you see, is to change the church into a Universalist one; and I could not get power to do it in any way so readily as by professing to believe in its doctrines and joining the body' (great laughter and applause.) On this theory SHERIDAN would have made a capital Free Soiler. Hearing once that his son had visited the depths of a coal mine, he asked the reason. 'I wanted, father, to say I had been down in a mine,' was the answer. 'O!' said SHERIDAN, 'I have no objection to your *saying so*; it was the *going* I thought unnecessary.

Now, we confess, such a course for getting amendments does not strike us as strictly right! A 'New England country minister,' in the *National Era*, has explained, to his own entire satisfaction, this *peculiarity* of the Garrisonians in obstinately remembering, at all times and in all connections, these wicked clauses in the National Constitution. He traces this fault of ours to our being '*intensely moral and unimaginative!*' (laughter.) He thinks any constant protest against and separation from a bad government must be a *sham*, and is *insanity!* Perhaps he would be pleased with the above *sane* and *imaginative* method of reforming churches! (Cheers.)

Really, I am afraid we never shall suit every body. RUFUS CHOATE said, a while ago, that our philanthropy was not practical enough, 'not judicious!' This clerical critic thinks we are too literal, not imaginative' *enough!*

We are taunted with being old-fashioned Federalists, because we hold that the Supreme Court is the authoritative and final interpreter of the Constitution and laws. Youthful statesmen quite scout the idea of being crippled in their legislative capacity by any decision of that Court. Let us, as the lawyers say, suppose a case. Congress, full of these independent young Americans, enacts a law. The Court hold it unconstitutional, and set it aside. To-morrow, Congress assembles again, and says, 'We are not bound by any decisions of that Court. We will pass that law right over again.' A man is arrested for violating it. The Court order him to be discharged. The Marshal, by order of the President, undertakes to put the law in force. Citizens sue him as a trespasser. The Court directs the jury to give them damages. Of course the Marshal will not attempt to execute the law again. Thus, Congress may enact a pile of laws as high as the Washington Monument, and they are waste paper, unless the Court will allow their validity. Let President Pierce attempt to execute a law which Chief Justice Taney declares unconstitutional, and the Government goes to pieces, or the President stands balked. This is the practical reason why Congress can do nothing, except in accordance with the opinion of the Supreme Court.

One friend described, with great eloquence, this afternoon, the mighty power of a vote. It is a great power. He told us he could not, in the sight of God, give it up, though confessing there were some things unrighteous in the Constitution. Suppose I was a rumseller, making twenty thousand dollars a year, and giving fifteen thousand to the Anti-Slavery cause; and some one of you should find me at the Whole World's Temperance Convention—I shall not be at the other (cheers)—and ask me how I could consistently engage in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. I reply—'Think of the money I make by it, to pour into the coffers of the Anti-Slavery cause! God gave me this sagacity to make money; He gave the chemical knowledge to make alcohol; I cannot consent to forego the exercise of such a mighty power, merely to satisfy these "*unimaginative*" scruples of yours.' 'But,' you answer, 'behind all this, lies the question whether you are doing right or not.' I shake my head with the air of a statesman, and mutter, 'Great power—great power is rum!' Let me assure our friend, that we have no doubt of the great power of a vote, especially when the right to throw it is honestly gained, and that we are willing to do for the slave any thing we can get the power to do, without telling a lie. He may ask me to do any thing in his behalf, except to become a knave. That he cannot expect me to become, and I could not help him if I should (loud applause).

After all, there is not so much difference between us and our opponents as some imagine. We by no means deny the utility of political organizations. We do not deny the power men get by the use of the ballot and the acquisition of office. If any one can honestly get office, *let him get it*. Inside of Congress, he will be listened to by thousands, while here he must often be content with hundreds. The only real dispute between us and those who allow the Constitution to be pro-slavery, is one regarding personal honour and integrity. Shall a man, for any purpose, promise to do what he does not intend to do? I know it is rare, in our days, to see men refuse office and power from any such scruples. But history, from the earliest Christians downwards, is full of instances of men who refused all connection with government, and all the influence which office could bestow, rather than deny their principles, or aid in doing wrong. Yet I never heard them called either idiots or over-scrupulous. Sir Thomas More need never have mounted the scaffold, had he only consented to take the oath of supremacy. He had only to tell a lie with solemnity, as we are asked to do, and he might not only have saved his life, but, as the trimmers of his day would have told him, doubled his influence. Pitt resigned his place as Prime Minister of England, rather than break faith with the Catholics of Ireland. Should I not resign a petty ballot, rather than break faith with the slave? I find a distinct recognition of the principle upon which we have acted, applied to a different point, in the life of that patriarch of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, Granville Sharpe. While an under clerk in the War Office, he sympathised with our fathers in their struggle for independence. 'Orders reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted colonies. If his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted, in his eyes, the stain of innocent blood. To avoid this pollution, he resigned his place and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment.' As the thoughtful clerk of the War Office takes his hat down from the peg where it has used to hang for twenty years, methinks I hear our 'New England country minister' cry out, 'Friend Sharpe, you are absurdly scrupulous, too "intensely moral," and quite "unimaginative!"' 'You may innocently aid such an institution as Government in doing what you think wrong,' adds another. While Party yelps at his heels, 'My dear sir, you are quite losing your influence!' And, indeed, it is melancholy to reflect how, from that moment, the mighty under-clerk of the War Office (?) dwindled into the mere Granville Sharpe of history! the man of whom Mansfield and Hargrave were content to learn law, and Wilberforce philanthropy.

Indeed, we are only doing what all honest men have done, in all ages of the world. Look at the course of the British Catholics, submitting to exclusion, for more than a century, from professions and offices, from the House of Commons and House of Lords, rather than qualify themselves by an oath adjuring the Pope. They might have purchased power and office at the price of one falsehood. One lie would have pleased the Duke of Norfolk, any time during the century, in the seat of his fathers! Do we honour him less that he refused power on such conditions? Look at the course of O'Connell. Remember his love of office, of power, of political influence—with a nation in his right hand; shut out, as a Catholic, from the House of Commons. Did he take the oath of abjuration that he might gain his rightful place? No; he stayed outside the door of that House till after two elections, in 1828, the oath being abolished, he pushed door and oath before him, and strode to his rightful place and influence like an honest man (great cheering).

When NAPOLEON sat down on the throne of France, he was anxious for the countenance of FAYETTE, and urged him to accept a seat in the house of French Peers, and take the oath of allegiance to the Empire. It was NAPOLEON's hand that had opened FAYETTE's prison door at Olmutz; and doubtless gratitude would have led the unsullied hero of three Revolutions to do all an honest man could for the Emperor's support. But he refused office, and answered the Emperor, 'No; I will live a private man at Lagrange.' It seems he was lacking in *imagination!* (laughter and cheers). He should have overlooked the despotism, and taken office with the hope of reforming Napoleon! But instead of that, an impracticable, 'unimaginative' old fool, he went home to Lagrange, sacrificed office, and saved nothing but his integrity! France, too, showed the same sad lack of imagination; for, in 1831, when anarchy lowered over them, thirty millions of Frenchmen knew no where else to turn than to that same private man of Lagrange for a father and leader! (loud and repeated cheers.)

A year ago, this burlesque Napoleon, who sits like an incubus on France, called on ARAGO, the head of European science, to give up the Observatory, unless he would take the oath of allegiance. ARAGO—on whose brow the winter of eighty years is hid by civic laurels and the wreaths of every science, with young men dependent on his patronage, and jealous foes watching for his office. But the old man put aside every temptation, and alone, deserted by his scientific brethren, refused to sully his lips with such an oath. 'New England country ministers' may jeer at his scruples. Louis Napoleon believed in virtue, and trembled. ARAGO, without swearing, retains his office. France, proud and grateful, loads him with blessings, amid the applause of Europe and of all honest men (enthusiastic applause).

The same scruple has, within a month, sent back to that same Lagrange, OSCAR FAYETTE, grandson of our FAYETTE, who refuses to swear support to a government he abhors. And what does VICTOR HUGO tell us, standing among the exiles in Jersey, over the grave of JEAN [illegible], that 'noble soldier of Democracy'? His touching eloquence reaches its climax when he says, in reference to this same oath of allegiance—'A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house: *He had but to say a word*. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him: he honestly rejected it—and he is dead.'

Yet when, in a nation like ours, where every sixth man is a slave—where the ermine of justice is defiled, and the national banner clings to the flag-staff heavy with blood—where the Bible is to millions a forbidden book—where Religion panders to Power—where men are hunted with bloodhounds and women whipped to prostitution—when, in such a land, where our difference with government is not about forms of office, or with the dogmas of a creed, but of outrages which make the blood cold and wrongs that shame the age; when, in such a land, we strive to be worthy followers of these I have named, men call us 'impracticable,' and 'morbidly scrupulous,' and priests taunt us with folly for 'throwing away our influence'!

If Free Soilers go to Congress, holding themselves free from every supposed compromise relating to Slavery, let them tell the nation so (cheers). If they go holding themselves at liberty to disregard, in their official capacity, the laws of the land, let them tell the nation so (cheers). We have heard it long enough here at home from those for whom nobody is responsible, but whose claims for the party are leading men to put confidence in it. If, as we are told, Free Soil Senators adopt it, as a rule of their official conduct, to appoint no man to office who is willing to obey the laws of the land, we shall criticise, and *criticise*, and CRITICISE, till they avow the fact in the face of the Senate itself, instead of leaving their friends to claim it for them in our meetings (cheers). A few such avowals would arouse much wholesome discussion—much radical discussion, and have a strong tendency to inform the South of the real state of Northern public opinion. The cause would leap forward fifty common years in one such day (cheers). I was assured lately by a slaveholder of Alabama, who sought an interview with me, that the leading men of his State were by no means informed of the real state of feeling here among those who call themselves Abolitionists. Could they be so, he added, they would be ready either for Dissolution or some full settlement of the question. He thought they would prefer Dissolution. I value Congress as one of the readiest means of letting them know the real state of things here. I do not underrate the influence of politics; but while I value it, it is as the bridge—the bridge that shall span the chasm between Faneuil Hall and the United States Senate (applause). The man that walks over it must carry with him every one of the principles that he has made the roof echo with in Faneuil Hall—he must drop nothing by the way (great cheering). I do honour politics, when if you can transfer a gigantic question from the platform of a meeting like this to the Congress of the United States, without the sacrifice of personal honour, or the stifling of honest convictions. I would like that the listeners in those halls should distinctly understand which UNION it is Free Soilers love—the Union of history—of Wall street—of every day life—or a Union whose picture they have hidden in their hearts. Such doctrines as Free Soilers have avowed here to-day make them, practically, as thorough Disunionists as we are. I want the world to know that fact (cheers).

Criticise, *Criticise*, CRITICISE, till what is now whispered in the ear in Anti-Slavery meetings, shall be proclaimed, at Washington, on the housetops. My correspondence with Mr. MANN has forced even from him a promise to reveal his *real* opinion of the slave clause of the Constitution. Let us be encouraged. Pursuing the same course, we may, perhaps, bring others to confess their concealed opinions even before quitting public life. If their politics can flash these startling torches full in the face of a proud and confident people, showing them how the very bulwarks of our institutions are bowing before the roused conscience of a determined party; if it can convince the nation that, as in England, in 1829, 1831, 1834 and 1846, the people are beginning to press to their hearts a cause which is fated, through the government, or OVER IT, to have its way—then is politics of unspeakable value. One man, at least, stands in Congress who will strive to realise this power of politics. In the hands of GERRIT SMITH, politics is a noble instrumentality, because Mr. Smith has never exchanged a principle for a voter. He never gave up one of his ideas to get a vote. Our friends nearer home have that failing—they sometimes hide their banners in order to recruit their ranks. Mr. GIDDINGS has once and again justified, in his place in Congress, the spirit that opened the doors of our Court House for Shadrach, led Jerry by the hand through the streets of Syracuse, and checked Gorsuch in his hunting for men (cheers). Let us hope Mr. SMITH will go yet further. And show his hearers some principles, compared with which Shadrach's rescue and the just punishment of Gorsuch will be, to them, tame in the comparison.

Our quarrel with politicians and parties will never cease till their Anti-Slavery be like Cicero's noble description of Law—not one thing at Christiana and another thing at Washington—not one thing at Syracuse and another thing at Buffalo, not one thing at Faneuil Hall and another thing at Pittsburgh—not one thing in an Anti-Slavery meeting to gain confidence, and another thing in November to gain votes—but everywhere, at all times, and in all capacities—radical, defiant, aggresive, trampling on all slave laws, and either openly denying the legality of Slavery itself, or repudiating the government as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell (cheers).

The conviction that *Slavery is sin* is the Gibraltar of our cause. We cannot make crises, but we can prepare for them. Perhaps Slavery is finally to be starved out rather than reasoned down, or prayed down. Selfish and material interests, the laws of labour and trade may be the direct and immediate causes of its abolition. Disunion; War, civil or foreign; may break the chain. It should be our object to create such a public opinion as will soonest set these agencies in motion and effectually use the opportunities that occur. An appeal to conscience against Slavery *as a sin*, is the only weapon that will serve us for this. *We* can honestly claim, that, taking this principle with us, we have sternly tried the institutions of the land. The Church fellowshipped slaveholders, and refused to rebuke them. She thus compromised with iniquity, and we left her. The State tempts the slaveholder to continue so, guarantees his slave property, and helps him hunt his runaways. We abjure it, and will neither vote nor take office in support of such a covenant with death. No man, looking at our course, can doubt that we really think Slavery to be a sin.

But how shall we impress this conviction, deeply, vividly, solemnly on the people, while hard by us stands a party, confessing Slavery to be a sin—'Yes—but still it is no harm to give the slaveholder additional political power for every man he can steal—it is no harm to guarantee him against their resistance—no harm to let him hunt runaways *a little longer!* The Constitution is wicked in supporting Slavery, but let us cling to it for *the present*, in hopes it will be changed! We may pay for returning runaways, because all human governments are imperfect! yes, we may appoint Marshals to help hunt them, because—because—because a government is very necessary, and we could not get along comfortably without it! Slavery is a sin—no doubt of it—and the Church is verily guilty in hugging it to her bosom; but do not talk about it, because—because GARRISON is an infidel—the Church is very powerful—and, beside, what should we do with the children, if we could not send them to the Sunday School!' And this is the 'Conscience' party! like, probably, the subject of Crashaw's epitaph—

> "One whose conscience was a thing
> That troubled neither Church nor King."

Most men listening to such casuistry and hair-splitting would conclude to put off their Anti-Slavery to 'a more convenient season.' There is opium enough in it to calm an earthquake. Our cause, instead of flashing forth in blinding light, the MENE TEKEL of God's own writing, shrinks to be the mere shuttlecock of politics.

Sir, we are accustomed to say that we wish these Free Soil leaders would declare their views on these questions. Mr. President, I do not believe they have any clear views, any settled principles in regard to them. The nearer I have got to any of the gentlemen, the clearer has it always been to my mind, that they have never considered these points; indeed, have always particularly remembered to forget them. In my opinion, many of them refuse to take ground in regard to these matters, simply because they have yet found no position in which they are willing to stand before the community. If asked to justify the oath, it is singular that each man has a different method, of his own invention. Sometimes a man will give you half-a-dozen reasons, allowing that no one of them is perfectly sound, but hoping you will accept half-a-dozen *pretty good* reasons as equivalent to one really valid. Visit him the next day, and he has got still a different excuse. The frankest man of the party, one standing in the very front of the van, when asked how he justified his oath, answered—'Oh, I've sworn so often, I never think anything about it'!

My object in making these remarks is to turn the thoughts of the rank and file of the party to these questions; show them the rottenness of their present platform, and urge them to force their leaders to form and express some opinions upon them. The party is in danger of degenerating into a mere scramble for loaves and fishes. Some in it are glad to rise into notice on the cresting wave of a great public question, but anxious to avoid all the odium of discussing its delicate and unpopular points—willing to use other men as cat'spaws, and to borrow of Abolitionists everything but their principles and the odium which an honest advocacy of them has incurred. Let its members force its leaders to meet the radical question which really belong to the cause. The effort will give them strength, while it keeps them pure, and we shall have a political party of real service to the cause.

Let us all gird ourselves for the work to which Providence is calling us. Europe, even if buried beneath Thrones and Money, yet heaves and struggles like the old giants beneath Ætna, and slowly the day dawns on her. Cease to watch her fate so earnestly as to forget our own task. Cease trusting too much on the reflection of European opinion. Some faces are turned too constantly thither. On our old coins the head of Liberty was looking forward, as if welcoming, in glad expectation, our Future. On the new coinage, she has turned her face backward, as if all hope lay in striving to equal the past, and in catching a fresh inspiration from the genius of the old world. Perhaps she is right—but let us hope not. The labours of past years have done much for the cause. Those to come will show the fruit. Long lived trees make *roots* first. We would not exaggerate our work, but it seems as if the ploughshare needed to go deeper now than in 1776: and this, perhaps, explains why the flying patriots and brave hearts of the old world melt like wax in the heat of our day. Hungary lends us one, now a mute, and now a parrot, learning his lesson only too faithfully. Ireland sends men, for whom the loudest hurrahs resound in the streets of Charleston and New Orleans. England adds a new chapter to the book of SNOBS—the author's own tour through slave cities, cognizant of nothing that has happened since the days of Queen Anne.

Our fate is in our own hands. With freedom of discussion we are omnipotent. No vicious institution can stand against it. The only word a Free Press cannot print is the word IMPOSSIBLE. Freedom of thought against unrighteous laws is like one of the vital forces of Nature contending with dead matter. The old Scottish proverb runs,

> "The King said, 'Sail!'
> The Wind said, 'No.'"

In such cases, we need not trouble ourselves to ask if there was a voyage. No matter what Despotism says, if a Free Press says, 'No!' Indeed, we might find the best argument for the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution in the clause securing *freedom of speech and of the press*. It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that the forms of Government are of little importance while discussion is free. As the sun seems to burn up the spots on his surface, so the Press purifies the Government it rules (cheers). When the Saxon race broke the fetters of human thought, they little knew how many of their favourite Ideas and Institutions would fall before it. The unexpected results of Free Speech to Governments that protect it always remind me of the nursery tale that taught us how the sea became salt. You remember the story, Mr. President. A mother gave her boy, setting out to seek his fortune, a mill. One charm would make it grind out anything you wished: another set it at rest. The boy, as the story goes, opened his shop and soon grew rich, bringing out everything that was asked for. At last, a sea captain, who had long wondered at this marvellous shop, whence everything came out, though nothing was ever seen to enter it, watched the master in his private chamber, heard the charm spoken and the mill begin to work. Returning at night, he stole it, and put to sea. When in want of salt, he brought the little machine on deck, and spoke the charm—

> "Mill, Mill, grind away,
> Let us have some salt to-day."

Soon the salt rolled on to the deck. But the poor thief had not stopped to learn the other charm which set the mill at rest. So it ground on till the salt sunk his ship, and below the waves it has been grinding on ever since, and made the whole ocean salt.

So of the Press. Our fathers set it up here, expecting it to grind out just salt enough for the Union, our Ship of State; just ideas enough to pack readily within the girdle of the Compromises. It worked well for a time. Luckily, they did not learn the reverse charm, and so it has gone on grinding. It has ground out an Anti-Slavery movement much too large for that girdle (cheers); and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON larger still (enthusiastic cheers). It has ground out a Jerry rescue—ground out the manhood of Christiana—and UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. It has ground the Methodist Church into pieces, and the Baptist likewise, and men say it is now engaged doing the same good office to the Presbyterian. God grant; and grant also that it may grind on, without fear of man, of parties, of Institutions, or even of the charge of personality. Then we may be sure that, in his good time, it will grind out EMANCIPATION FOR THE SLAVES (loud cheers).

[Only a part of the above speech has been revised by its author.]

N. P. TALLMADGE.—*The Washington County Blade*, speaking of this gentleman's recent spiritual revelations, says: "A friend, acquainted with the facts, tells us that Mr. T. has several hundred pages of what purports to be the writings of the spirits of Webster and Calhoun, equal in all respects to anything they ever said or wrote while in the flesh."

A RELIC.—A spoon, about the size of a rather small table spoon, was lately dug up, with some other articles, near the head of a cove at New London, from a depth of fifteen feet; the original beach having been covered to that depth by successive washings from the surrounding hills. A New London paper says it is supposed that they were left there by the crew of a ship of some of the "Northmen" who visited and described the shores of Long Island Sound eight hundred or a thousand years ago. The spoon has been sent to the Connecticut Antiquarian Society, and they have pronounced it of Danish manufacture, a composition of bell-metal and gold. A heart and an arrow head that are on it are very perfect; there are also three other smaller figures that are scarcely distinguishable.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

Crowded.—For some weeks past our columns have been occupied to a large extent by the proceedings of the New England Convention and the Speeches made therein. We will not so far disparage the taste and judgment of our readers as to suppose that this fact needs any apology, and yet it is only just to ourselves to remind them that in such a state of things it is quite impossible that the *Standard* should present that *variety* in its matter which, under other circumstances, might be expected. Many subjects, some of them quite important, we have had no room even to notice, much less to treat as they deserved. Next week we hope to publish the speech of Theodore Parker, made in the Convention aforesaid, after which our columns will be more varied in their contents, though we can hardly flatter ourselves that they will be more interesting.

MR. MANN ON "THE CONSTITUTION AND THE BALLOT-BOX."

On the first page of this week's paper will be found the first of two letters on the question of voting under the United States Constitution, published in the *Liberator*, by Mr. Mann. We copy it at the request of Mr. Mann, who seems to think that some injustice is done him by our Boston Correspondent, in his letter of May 20th, and that he is entitled, therefore, to ask for a republication of this article that that injustice may be corrected. We, of course, comply with this request with great cheerfulness, and, at any other time, when our columns were less crowded than they happen to be just now, we should, very likely, have copied the article without waiting to be asked to do so, that our readers might see how, at length, Mr. Mann had disposed of the question which he had, in the discussion with Mr. Phillips, so long evaded. But so far as our Boston Correspondent is concerned, we do not conceive that we are under the least obligation to give Mr. Mann a further hearing through the columns of the *Standard*. The letter of 'D. Y.' was dated the 20th of May; and though it did not appear in our columns till the 11th of June, it was all in our hands ten days *before* this article of Mr. Mann's, which we now copy, was published in the *Liberator*. The letter, therefore, *could* have had no reference to the article; for while Mr. Mann was writing the one in West Newton, 'D. Y.' was writing the other in Boston; and before the former was sent to the *Liberator*, the latter had been sent to the *Standard*, and remained unseen and untouched in a private pigeon-hole of our own till it was given to the printers for the paper of the 11th. Moreover, as any one may see by referring to the letter, it *did not* refer to this subsequent article of Mr. Mann, but was a commentary upon the previous controversy between him and Mr. Phillips, all of which we had carefully copied.

Thus much we deem it proper to say, lest others should fall into the same error into which, strangely as it seems to us, Mr. Mann has himself fallen, and think that this last article of his has already been replied to in our columns. As a matter of courtesy, we willingly comply with his request, and are able, at length, to refer our readers to a paper unequivocally setting forth his views of the Constitution of the United States and the duty of voting under it; but certainly it is no fault of ours, nor of any correspondent of ours, if hitherto those views have not been clear and unmistakeable, or have been misunderstood. Whether our Correspondent, 'D. Y.,' will pass, in his letter, this week, from the controversy to the subsequent articles of Mr. Mann, we do not know, as we have not, at this present writing, received the letter; but we remind the reader that the argument he will find on our first page has not yet been directly met.

Biography of Isaac T. Hopper.—It will, we are sure, gratify every reader of the *Standard* to hear that Mrs. Child's Life of Isaac T. Hopper is announced, by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, to appear early in July. Among the many admirers and friends of the author and her subject a good deal of impatience is felt for this publication, but some delay, we understand, has been necessary, that the copyright might be secured in England by its first appearance there. The book is entitled "Isaac T. Hopper, A True Life," and his life, the Messrs. Jewett observe in their announcement, was "indeed a true one, and Mrs. Child has presented it truly." All who were familiar with the history of this venerable and good man know how, for three-quarters of a century, he went about doing good, and how full of incident and remarkable experience all his days were crowded. Such a life, even if commonly well told, could not fail to be very full of interest and instruction, but its narration illumined by the genius of Mrs. Child, and prompted by her love and reverence for her venerated friend, at whose fireside she sat for years, cognizant of his daily acts, and hearing from his own lips the stories of his earlier experience, will, we believe, be certain to make a biography remarkable for its beauty, its completeness, and its sustained power, and which will invest the simplicity and comparative obscurity of the life of this good man with a dignity which many who saw him in his daily walks but dimly recognised. Thus thinking, we hardly need add that we believe the book will have a wide and rapid circulation.

Progressive Friends.—We have on our table a pamphlet entitled, "Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Old Kennett, Chester County, Fifth Month, 1853." It contains the Minutes of the meeting, its Exposition of Sentiments, its Testimonies on Slavery, Intemperance, War Capital Punishment, Tobacco, and the Rights of Woman, and letters addressed to it by Theodore Parker, J. G. Forman, W. L. Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Cassius M. Clay, T. W. Higginson, Samuel J. May, the Hopedale Association, and others. It is manifest from the character of the matter contained in this pamphlet that the Progressive Friends have undertaken to inaugurate a new epoch in the history of the Church, wherein works of charity and mercy are to hold a primary place, and be regarded as indispensable evidences and illustrations of a Christian life. The gospel in which it believes, and which it will seek to diffuse, is a gospel of purity, peace and freedom, the foe of oppression in all its forms, and the friend of the poor and down-trodden of whatever race or clime. The popular Church will no doubt denounce this Association as extremely defective, or positively heretical, in its theology; but, however numerous may be its heresies in other respects, it is, at least, free from the deadly heresy of man-stealing and man-hunting. It does not justify its members in trafficking in one another's bodies and souls. This is saying more in its praise than can be said of most other church organizations in the country.

Some copies of this pamphlet have been left at this office for such persons as may call for them. Price 10 cents single, $1 per dozen; the avails to be devoted to the gratuitous dissemination of the Exposition of Sentiments which has been stereotyped for that purpose.

Mr. Phillips' Speech.—We lay before our readers, the present week, the latest Speech of Wendell Phillips, and one which does credit alike to his logical ability, his clearness of perception, his fidelity in declaring his convictions, and his almost unrivalled power as an orator. It would be superfluous to commend it to the careful attention of our readers, for there is probably not one among them all who will not study it with delight, and find in its trumpet tones a powerful incentive to a holier zeal, a more unreserved consecration to the Cause. Its masterly treatment of a topic forced upon the author's attention by passing events, and which needed skilful elucidation, leads us to hope that it may be issued in pamphlet form and widely disseminated.

The Anti-Slavery Platform.—We hope none of our readers failed to notice, in our last number, Mr. Garrison's admirable speech, in which he defined and and illustrated the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society in its relations to the individual freedom and responsibility of its members. On this subject there is, unfortunately, a singular confusion in the public mind, in consequence of which the Society is held responsible for views to which it never gave any sort of sanction, and which are wholly extraneous to the object for which it was formed. Those who hate it for its fidelity to the Anti-Slavery cause are continually seeking to make this confusion "worse confounded," and hence it is necessary, on this subject, to give "line upon line and precept upon precept." We are glad to learn that the New York Anti-Slavery Society proposes to publish Mr. Garrison's Exposition, together with its own Constitution and that of the parent Society, and the Declaration of Sentiments of the Convention of 1833, in pamphlet form, that they may be distributed as widely as possible. Will not other Societies and individuals aid in effecting this object? We hope they will. The American Society itself, in our judgment, could hardly do a better work than to disseminate by this means a knowledge of its principles and measures.

Mrs. Stowe as a Speech-Maker.—A correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth* says he saw Mrs. Stowe and her husband at a meeting of members of the Society of Friends, held during their Yearly Meeting in London, for the purpose of promoting the Free Labour movement. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe both addressed the company, which "consisted almost exclusively of ladies." The correspondent says that the author of Uncle Tom spoke admirably, and, alluding to the practical effect which the Free Labour movement in England would have upon America, she said—"I tell you the Americans are a smart people; and when they see that you are in earnest in your determination to have free labour cotton, you may depend upon it that they will provide it for you. They will never consent to let you get *all* your free labour cotton from your own colonies."

We are glad that Mrs. Stowe, unmindful of the conventional prejudice which requires a woman to be silent in an assembly not composed exclusively of her own sex, had the courage to use her tongue, as she had previously used her pen, to plead for the oppressed. Perhaps her example may serve to modify in some degree the censures often thoughtlessly heaped upon the female speakers in our own country, who, remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them, have done so much to prepare the public mind for the reception of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and its more important 'Key.'

The New Orleans Alarm.—The story of a Slave Insurrection in New Orleans, to which we made allusion last week, had, if we may believe the press of that city, but little foundation; and yet the people were prodigiously frightened. Where was their boasted faith in the happiness and contentment of the slaves? All swept away at the first breath! As the thief sees an officer in every bush, so every slaveholder imagined that his negroes (happy creatures!) stood ready to cut his throat for the sake of getting out of an elysium.

CONDENSATIONS.

Dr. James McCune Smith read before the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, at the University, on Tuesday evening, 14th instant, a valuable paper on the condition of the Micronesian Islands.

——The Charleston *Mercury* says that the case instituted by the British Consul to test the right of South Carolina to imprison coloured seamen, subjects of the British Crown, has been discontinued. Readers will remember that it had been carried by appeal to the Supreme Court. The reason for abandoning it is not stated.

——The Cherokee *Advocate* gives a gloomy account of the financial embarrassments of the Cherokee Nation. It seems that the national debt is constantly increasing, and that the treasury warrants are passing into the hands of white men, who are naturally impatient to realize the money. The *Advocate* fears that troubles with the United States government may grow out of this state of affairs, and that the Cherokees will be eventually driven to sell their lands and move farther West.

——The Providence *Journal* thinks the coloured people of that city have been acting "foolishly," in manifesting their hostility to the Colonisation Society. The Albany *Evening Journal* responds by saying, very pertinently, that "it is from a desire to get rid of Free Coloured People, if not from hatred to them, that African Colonisation is urged. At best it is mistaken sympathy that sends an American born black to Africa. Colonisation, as it exists, is no more nor less than a safety valve for Slavery."

——The Hunker journals of both parties are letting off an immeasurable quantity of patriotic indignation on account of the refusal of the Massachusetts Legislature to erect a monument to Daniel Webster. The Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* pertinently remarks: "For the native State of Franklin, Hancock and the Adamses—whose glorious services to Freedom no monument commemorates—to have erected a monument to the man whose last days were devoted to strengthening and perpetuating human Slavery, were to have written 'bastard' upon every descendant of those noble men whose deeds made the brightest page in the history of Massachusetts and the world."

——The *Gospel Banner*, a Universalist paper, published at Augusta, Me., says it can "never think of Rev. Dr. Clapp (of New Orleans) but with the profoundest admiration and even gratitude." "Few or no ministers," it thinks, "in all Christendom, have done more good, and evinced a holier devotion to the duties of their profession." How disgusting is this panegyric in view of the well known fact, that Dr. Clapp, while professing to preach a gospel of universal benevolence and love—a gospel designed especially for the consolation of the poor and the oppressed—is yet an unblushing defender of Slavery and the Slave Trade. Universalists of Maine! your "Banner" trails in the mire.

——The *Tribune* having suggested that the truth in respect to the origin and authority of the Bible would be more likely to be elicited by a discussion between one or two able individuals on each side of the mooted question respectively than in a promiscuous Convention, Joseph Barker, of Ohio, in a letter to that paper says, that "if the believers in the supernatural and divine origin of the book will select two able speakers on their side, the believers in its human origin and imperfect character will gladly appoint two men to meet them, and discuss the question with them till the subject is considered to be exhausted." To this Mr. N. H. Gale, of Brooklyn, responds by saying that *he* will meet Mr. Barker or one or two others of his school, and discuss the question to their entire satisfaction.

——The (O. S.) Presbyterian Assembly, morbidly sensitive to all influences and appeals in behalf of the slave, and resolved, by a blind infatuation, to shirk out, and disregard all fraternal remonstrance from other Ecclesiastical organizations, has broken off all correspondence and intercourse with two of the largest and most respectable Presbyterian bodies in the world—the Presbyterian Church of Ireland and the Free Church of Scotland. These Churches are Anti-Slavery, and in their annual communications to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in this country, took the liberty of speaking against Slavery and exhorting their American brethren to purify themselves from its stains. The Orthodox Christians of Scotland and Ireland will see from this that American Presbyterians are no more willing to be rebuked by those of their own theological faith than by those whom they regard as heretics.

——The Memphis (Tenn.) *Daily Eagle and Enquirer* waxes wroth on account of the refusal of a U. S. Commissioner of Pittsburg to give up a man claimed as a fugitive slave upon the evidence of a resident of Memphis, whose testimony was flatly contradicted by that of several reputable coloured men residing in the smoky city. Mrs. Swisshelm copies the abuse of the Memphis editor, and reminds him that Massa "must expect nothing more than a slave's service from his white slave." She adds, what the slaveholders ought to have known from the start, that "the Northern man who has so little self respect that he could, either in reality or feignedly, consent to the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, could never be trusted out of his master's sight, and those Whigs and Democrats who promise and covenant to stop agitation and runaway slaves, do every one require an overseer, with a long whip, to keep them up to their work, while those who say they will not catch slaves, mean all they say, and more too. Therefore, your slave-catching law is a humbug and a failure."

——Jamaica is in a troubled state, owing to a quarrel between the Governor and the Colonial Legislature, originating in the opposition of the former to certain measures of reform proposed by the latter. Independence of the mother country is thought of by some as a feasible remedy for existing evils, and hints have been thrown out in some quarters that the island might be annexed to the United States. A Jamaica correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that this latter measure is out of the question, owing to *one* fatal impediment, viz., the prevalence of Slavery in the Southern States and the prejudice of colour which pervades the entire Union. He says: "As a coloured man myself, I am thoroughly acquainted with the feelings of this portion of the community, and, numbering as they do over ten to one of the whites, and possessing an equal share of political privileges, there is not the slightest chance of any proposal of annexation to be even listened to with tolerable patience. Besides, the whites, generally speaking, are identical in feeling with the coloured people. At the same time, if this unfortunate objection were not insurmountable, it would not be owing to the Jamaicans if another star were not added to the flag of the United States."

TEMPERANCE.

The Burlington (Vt.) Jail is empty. The traffic in intoxicating drinks having been exterminated, there is now little need of such an institution.

——The ministers of the Congregational Church in Michigan are said to be unanimously and heartily in favour of the Maine Law.

——A Prohibitory bill was introduced in the New Hampshire Legislature on the 15th and referred to a Committee, of which a majority is said to be favourable to its enactment.

——The Township Trustees in one hundred Townships in the Northern part of Ohio have passed prohibitory liquor ordinances, in accordance with a law of the last Legislature giving them the power to do so.

——John B. Gough has been compelled to recall some of his appointments in New Jersey and to retire to his home on account of physical exhaustion. In 95 days, he made 91 speeches, and travelled 2,690 miles.

——A writer in the Philadelphia *Register* rebukes the clergy and the conductors of the press in that city for their shameful and criminal neglect to exert their influence decidedly and efficiently in favour of temperance.

——Edward C. Delavan, who has for months been quoted by the advocates of the Rum Traffic as hostile to the Maine Law, has "defined his position" on the other side of the question. He thinks said law should be enacted and enforced.

——A correspondent of the *Independent*, writing from St. Louis, gives a graphic but saddening picture of the rum-traffic as it is carried on in that city upon the Sabbath. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent there, especially among the immigrant class.

——Rev. Charles Beecher delivered a powerful discourse on teetotalism in the famous Surrey Chapel, London, on Sunday, May 22d. He exposed the evils of the liquor-traffic and the guilt of those who carry it on, in the genuine Beecher style. Teetotalism in England is almost as unpopular as Abolitionism is here.

——The *Tribune* gives fair notice that there are at least Fifty Thousand voters in the State who will next fall go for the Maine Law first, last and all the time, and who won't be satisfied with whispered intimations that Hon. Mr. Sleek or Dr. Plausible is "all right." If there are indeed so many temperance men prepared to take this ground, the Maine Law is sure to be speedily enacted in New York.

——Michigan speaks! On Monday last, the people of the peninsular State voted upon the question of ratifying or rejecting the Prohibitory Law enacted by the last Legislature. The returns are cheering. Even Detroit, ordinarily ruled by the rum-Democracy, and in face of the deadliest hostility on the part of the leading Democratic press, gives 300 majority for the law. The 'rural districts,' as far as heard from, vote the same way, 4 to 1. It is thought the majority will reach 10,000 in the whole State, but we fear this is too much to expect.

——Travellers and residents among the Indians of the North West tell sad tales of the blighting effects of intoxicating liquors upon the once proud lords of the forest. A gentleman writes from Traverse des Sioux, Minnesota, to the *Tribune* that the laws prohibiting the introduction of such liquors among them "are to all intents and purposes inoperative. Whiskey can be had in quantities to suit purchasers. Indeed there are many of them that know but this one word of the English language—Whiskey. At, and a little after, the late payment, a ten dollar gold piece was a fair price for a drink of this 'Water of the Gods,' and now that the gold is gone, their guns, often their only property in the world, are tendered and too often received."

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

Fourteen thousand copies of "Facts for the People" have been already ordered. This shows an increasing demand for Anti-Slavery light.

——The General (Congregational) Association of Michigan, at its recent meeting, adopted resolutions against Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. The same body adopted "resolutions expressing regret for the existence of unjustifiable relations" to Slavery on the part of the American Board, and "the hope that they may soon cease." On what foundation that hope rests we cannot perceive; for if, among the popular religious associations of the country, there is one more fogyish and hard-hearted than the rest, it is the American Board. It is so powerful, however, that the Michigan Association could hardly be expected to allude to its delinquencies in any other than a gingerly way.

——The news from Ohio is cheering. Charles and Josephine Griffing, agents of the Western Society, according to letters in the *Bugle* from various places where they have lectured, are doing an efficient work. The *Bugle* says: "Reports from every quarter make it sure that never, in the West, at least, were there as many listening ears, or as many hearts waiting for the truth, as now. To meet this exigency, the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society contemplate vigorous efforts during the Fall. And their encouragement is great, in consequence of the interest taken by our co-labourers in this work." One man in Boston has pledged $1,000 to be devoted to the Western field, and we understand that Parker Pillsbury will probably go to Ohio early in the Fall, to devote himself to lecturing for several weeks. Mr. Garrison is also expected to visit several prominent points in that State and Michigan.

The Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.—The opening ceremonies at the Crystal Palace are expected to take place on the 15th of July. Everything in and about the Palace betokens that the Directors have not only the determination, but the ability to accomplish, within the time limited, the gigantic undertaking they have assumed. The President of the Association, Mr. Sedgwick, and Mayor Westervelt, have made a special mission to Washington, for the purpose of inviting the President of the United States and the Heads of Departments to be present at the inauguration of the Fair. The Governor of our own and of some of the adjoining States, with the Governor-General of Canada and our distinguished English visitors, are also expected to be present, and everything betokens an auspicious opening of the first American exhibition of the world's industry.—*Tribune.*

Vermont Marble.—The marble quarried at West Rutland, Vt., is considered superior to the best Italian. Two blocks of one ton each, for busts, were recently ordered to be sent to Rome, Italy, for one of the most eminent native sculptors in that country.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXVII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent magnifieth the Twenty-First of June—And why—He proposeth a new Feast Day—He feareth the Courier—He boweth before Mr. Mann—He quoteth his P. S.—He treateth of the Natural History of Hyenas—He praiseth them—He showeth their analogy to Sigma—He speculdteth as to Mr. Mann's demise—He describeth the effect of the P. S.—He giveth Mr. Mann credit for Courage—He thinketh him hard to please—He commenteth on Mr. Mann's Letter and waxeth didactic and a trifle dull—He promiseth to bestow some more tediousness on the readers, in a certain contingency, &c. &c. &c.*

Boston, June 21, 1853

"The famous Twenty-first of June!" that Lord Byron sung of, once. Famous as being the longest day in the year, and forever glorious as the day of the month when the Slaveholders, at Baltimore, gave Mr. Webster his Reward for his Treason of the Seventh of March, 1850. Let it never be said that the Abolitionists are unwilling to allow the Slaveholders their due. Be their praises forever, on this day, in all our mouths I once proposed, I believe (or if I didn't, I do now), that the 21st of June be held as a Feast, called, perhaps, All Slaveholders' Day, on which nothing shall be said in disparagement of any of that Guild, but everything that can be scraped together in their praise, because of that great, glorious, transcendent Act of Justice! That One Virtue redeemed a Thousand Crimes. It is no wonder that he slunk, broken-hearted, to Marshfield, and died. Turned out rejected and ridiculous by the men to conciliate whose favour he had made himself perdurably infamous, what better thing could he have done?

But I must take care, or the Boston *Courier* will call me "a hyena" again. Indeed, I suppose I must be one, for the Hon. Horace Mann, in a P. S. to a letter he wrote last week to the *Liberator*, declares that this honorary title, thus bestowed (not originally self-assumed, as he supposes—amended, only, on my motion, by inserting the word "laughing" before the word "hyena"), was unanimously confirmed by the whole Nation. Perhaps you would like to see what he says. Here it is. After disposing of the other persons who have had the assurance to criticise his part of the Controversy with Mr. Phillips, he goes on:

> "D. Y., the Correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, intimated a less amiable excuse for himself, when lately, in a moment of self-conscious recognition, he suggested for himself the name of 'the laughing hyena.' And all the people shouted, Amen!"

Now, I have no fault to find with the place in Natural History which has been thus unanimously assigned to me. Hyenas are animals that perform a useful purpose in the world, or they would not have been made. They may not be generally popular (differing from me in that particular, at least); but they are not without their uses. Mr. Mann, I dare say, speaks from experience. He may have had a convincing taste of my quality. But in order to have been qualified to judge of it, he must himself have undergone an important change. You know that a Hyena resembles the late lamented Sigma in one thing—that his are "Dealings with the *Dead*," only. If Mr. Mann has found himself a subject for the manipulation (or unguipulation) of a hyena, he must have been first *dead*. Now, I, and many others, knew this melancholy fact. And I had a shrewd suspicion that Cock Robin himself knew that he had been killed, and also who killed him. And here he confesses the former, under his own sign manual. Perhaps, there may be a reasonable difference of opinion on the last point. An impartial Coroner's Jury (*de medietate*, say half Whigs and half Democrats) might, perhaps, hesitate as to the verdict—whether it should be one of *Mann-slaughter* against Mr. Phillips, or of *Felo de se* against that unfortunate gentleman himself.

One consequence, however, that Postscript has had. Of course, everybody reads the P. S. of a letter first, and every confirmed novel-reader (of which intelligent fraternity I have been an unworthy member from my earliest days) reads the last chapter first of all, and infers from that whether it is worth while to begin at the beginning. Now, I must confess that I had not read Mr. Mann's Letter in the *Liberator* of June 3d (and, of course, not that of June 17th) until I had read this *Postscriptum*. I had not formed so high an opinion of his logic or his rhetoric from his Phillips Letters as to be very curious as to what he could say on any subject that did not make him angry enough to be diverting. I had the best of intentions as to reading it, but am afraid they might have gone with too many others of mine to pave an unmentionable place, had it not been for this stimulus. I have read them both now, and I must say that they have shown Mr. Mann to possess a quality which his mislikers have denied him. They affirm that Mr. Mann, when not put off his guard by his passions, is sly, cautious, calculating, prudent to the very verge of that virtue. I think they must reconsider their opinion should they read these two letters. Surely, to write and publish them, as he himself says, "under his own name, and dated from his own home," shows an intrepidity, a courage bordering on desperation, in one who has been a lawyer and who has tried to be a Statesman, for which I never had given him credit. He says, indeed, that controversy is "uncongenial to his nature. His faculties will not work in it." I cannot but think that Mr. Mann has a just self-knowledge on this latter point, though there may be a diversity of opinion as to the first. I should advise him to apply his faculties in some other direction. He has, clearly, mistaken his mission. At any rate, however it may have been in the time past of his life, I think it highly probable that he will "loathe controversy" for the time to come. He has, certainly, had reason to.

I don't know how far Mr. Mann may consider these remarks as coming within the purview of his paragraph deprecating a Rejoinder—for that is the meaning of it, it strikes me, when done into English. But he is very hard to please, and I hardly know how to frame any remarks in a way to suit him. For instance, in his controversy with Mr. Phillips, he claimed the last word as his right; and, yet, when Mr. Phillips gave it to him and retired from the field, leaving him to say what he liked last, he construes it into a flight and an acknowledgment of his victory! And he hasn't ceased singing Anthems to himself, from that time to this! I wonder what he would have said if Mr. Phillips had refused, instead of according, his demand of being heard last! But I don't mean to answer him—only to point out one or two things that don't need answering.

The greatest part of his letter is consumed in arguing points which we Garrisonians have never denied. Of course, human government is necessarily imperfect, and equally, of course, all governments, even the worst, do many good things. Our scruple is this: Can men believing that the Constitution of the United States sustains Slavery, as an integral part of itself, swear to support that Constitution and yet not do what the Constitution requires for the support of Slavery, when properly called upon to do it? Is it honest or right to swear to do what we never mean to do? The question is not at all, how we can do the most good, even to the Slaves; but what does honesty and honour require of us, as individuals? I hold that I have no right to take a place of power and profit, which I can only get by swearing to do certain things, when I am fully resolved never to do them. It looks to me like obtaining goods on false pretences. Mr. Mann's history is not in the least in point. Wilberforce and Buxton did a good work in Parliament, and Clarkson and Macaulay supported them; but there is no parallelism between the cases, unless Mr. Mann can show that these men *thought their government inherently and fundamentally bad*, and that they themselves were bound to do things wicked in themselves by taking part in it. Of course, they had no such opinion. I presume Mr. Phillips would have no scruple about sitting in Parliament, were he an Englishman, for Parliament *is* the Constitution. A more parallel case would be that of the Catholics before Emancipation. Might the Duke of Norfolk and Daniel O'Connell, as men of honour and honesty, take the oaths of Supremacy and Abjuration, for the sake of getting into Parliament, because they could do so much good there? They thought *not*. Mr. Mann, I suppose, must think they were wrong in refusing. Every man must be the judge of how much wrong he will do, on Mr. Mann's theory of political morals (knowing all the time that it is wrong, for that is our assumption), in order to do such and such good things. I do not see why Mr. Mann's argument is not quite broad enough to cover Mr. Webster and Commissioner Curtis. Why had they not a right to decide how much wrong they would do in order to Save the Union? Mr. Mann has wasted a great deal of good indignation, on one side or the other.

Mr. Mann seems incapable of perceiving any difference between submitting to laws and making and executing them, though he could understand it, if I am not mistaken, when he needed the distinction for his own use, as to the Fugitive Slave Law, in Congress. We think that taking part in a Government, like ours, making laws under a written Constitution, *is* executing them, or agreeing to execute them when called on. Living under the government and submitting to laws, because we can't help ourselves, we think innocent. But Mr. Mann takes it for granted that living under a government is the same thing as voting and taking office under it, and his argument rests, mainly, on this assumption. It is a fine specimen of arguing in a Circle. And it is as perfect a justification of the Whigs and Democrats in their course as of the Free Soilers, if *they think* they can do more good by a pro-slavery than an Anti-Slavery course. They are the judges, and not Mr. Mann. *We* may condemn them, for we assume the inherent wickedness of Slavery; accept the usual construction of the Constitution, that certain clauses relate to Slavery; and then refuse to swear to support it, by ourselves or our attorneys, simply because we don't mean to support it, and do mean to break it, in these particulars, as often as we have a chance. This may not be great Statesmanship; but, I must say, it looks to me like common sense and common honesty. The consequences are none of our business. The Slaves have no right to ask me to tell a falsehood, or do a wrong act, to set them free to-morrow. And I hold returning fugitive slaves, or swearing to return them, or not to resist their return, to be very wicked things. And swearing to do these things, not intending to do them, after I have had the consideration, if not *as* wicked, is wicked enough, and much meaner. Our whole political morality lies in a nutshell. We do not mean to make promises which we do not mean to perform. I do not see anything in Mr. Mann's whole letter of June 3d that touches this scruple; and, yet, it is the only point in dispute between us.

But I have taken up more than my share of room, without reaching Mr. Mann's last letter. Perhaps, I may say something about it next time—especially if the weather be as hot as it is to-day. For it is mighty easy writing.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Hon. Charles Sumner has accepted an invitation of the Free Democracy of Portsmouth, N. H., to deliver an oration in that city on the 4th of July.

The St. Louis *Republican* announces the arrival at that city of eight Indians, all chiefs and braves, from St. Josephs, who intend to visit the World's Fair at New York.

An ox, weighing 3,500 pounds, and perfectly white, raised in Illinois and a five-legged cow, were passengers on the David White, at Wheeling, on Thursday. They are *en route* for the World's Fair, at New York.

Hon James Buchanan, who went to Washington a week or two ago, on business connected with his mission to England, has returned to Wheatland, to enjoy for a time the shade of his own vine and fig tree, before proceeding to the field of his diplomatic labours.

High-Priced Negroes.—The negroes belonging to the estate of H. Miller, deceased, were sold at Mobile on the 7th inst., and brought the following high prices: Jack and wife, $2,000; Lucinda, $800; John, $1,325; Henry, $1,200; Lewis, $1,175; George, $850. Total, $7,350.

A Slave's Revenge.—A slave woman, now confined in jail at New Orleans, on a charge of having poisoned her master's child, has made a confession, in which she states that she had previously poisoned nine whites and blacks in Missouri.

Slaves Emancipated.—Dr. Maddox, of Louisiana, *en route* for the East, with his family, passed through this city on Friday last, says *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and while here gave freedom to three of his slaves, who were in company, one boy and two girls. He also gave them a liberal supply of money to supply their wants until his return from the East, when he proposes to have their free papers regularly made out.

The *Lowell Journal* argues that Horace Greeley's statement that the Whig party is dead cannot be true, and declares that "the Whig party is not dead, or it would have found its corpse."

The *Journal* is over-nice. Probably the reason it did not find the corpse was that decomposition had so far advanced that it was found necessary to *bury* it before the *Journal* man came along.—*Mass. Spy.*

Desecration of the Tomb of Harrison.—The family of General Harrison have for some time past had occasion to regret the outrageous conduct and marauding spirit of pic-nic parties who visit North Bend. The enclosure containing the vault in which the remains of the lamented ex-President rest has been divested of its shrubbery, the grass trodden down, and the vault itself mutilated. Such indecent and disreputable proceedings are disgraceful, and, we are sorry to remark, are but too true.—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

Mount Vernon.—Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, has disposed of that venerated mansion, with two hundred acres of the landed estate, to a company comprising Northern and Southern men, for the large sum of $200,000. The terms of sale reserve to Congress the privilege of taking it. Another and an irrevocable condition of the sale is that the remains of General Washington are never, under any circumstances, to be removed from their present resting place.

The Rochester *American* states that a gentleman who has carried on both the cultivation of the tea tree and the manufacture of tea from their leaves for years, and some of the time employed 200 men at the work, has left that place, after an extensive examination of the soil and climate of the South, for China and the East Indies, expressly to import a stock of young plants, superior in every respect to those cultivated by Dr. Smith, at Greenville, S. C.

The Springfield *Gazette* tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse on Saturday evening. After hunting, in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, "I know where he is; he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

The Spiritual Springs near Carrol.—*The Jamestown* (Chautaque Co.) *Democrat* of Wednesday says: We learn that the far-famed Spiritual Springs, in the Valley of the Kiantone, are becoming so popular, and the rush of Invalids, Spiritualist, &c., is so great, that the proprietors Messrs. Chase and Brittingham, have been induced to commence the erection of a spacious Hotel, within a few rods of the Springs, for the accommodation of visitors.

A Black Snake in a Cotton Mill.—The girls in one of the lower rooms of the Lawrence Corporation, in Lowell, were startled on Friday by the appearance of a huge black snake at one of the windows. He climbed up by means of the shrubbery under the window, and, with head erect, was viewing the operation of the machinery, evidently with all the interest of a master mechanic. His presence not being particularly agreeable to the operatives, he was assulted with clubs and speedily despatched by two men employed in the room. He measured four feet in length.

American Silk.—At Newport, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, there is an unpretending silk factory, which will hereafter be memorable in the history of American industry. It is carried on by Messrs. Jones & Wilson, employs some half-dozen or more labourers, with five looms and some 150 spindles, consuming annually several hundred weight of raw silk. The manufacture is directed by Mr. Wilson, while Mr. Jones, who is of the Quaker persuasion, and is universally known as Friend Jones, sells the products. These are pocket-handkerchiefs, cravats, vestings, and plain and plaid dress silks. As far as possible raw silk of American growth is used in the factory, but the imported article has to be relied on to make out a supply. The raw silk raised in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, when tolerable care is used, is not surpassed by any in the world, being equal to the best Italian (which is all consumed in Europe), and better than any imported into this country. This is owing to advantages of soil and climate, which impart peculiar lustre and strength of fibre, and cannot fail, in time, to make the United States one of the greatest silk-growing countries in the world.—*Tribune.*

A Beautiful Medal.—We have in hand a golden Anti-Tobacco Medal, a little less than a red cent in size; and as the cost is only a few of such cents, the precious metal overlaying it must of course be amazing thin. Still, the medal, however humble in pretensions, in the lapse of time, may be of more value to the nation than the acquisition of California, with all her treasures. On one side, there meets your eye a splendid looking Boy, standing upright, and indignantly trampling under foot a *Tobacco Plant;* while his head, buried in roguish curls, has around it this Pledge: I will never use tobacco in any form. In the figure of this noble lad treading down narcotics, fit type we trust of rising millions, we see more than a conqueror, and the whole device is more than beautiful, it is sublime. On the opposite side we have the *affinities* of Tobacco thus happily condensed. Tobacco tends to Idleness, Poverty, Intemperance, Vice, Ill-Health, Insanity, and Death. A world of truth! and such as will make men stare by and by, here intelligibly stands out, from a space, little larger than your finger-nail. Success to this admirable Medal! May it be served in all our Schools! May it be taken by all our youth! May it aid in waking the dead over our land to a realization of the mischief being done by this popular poison, and may Uncle Toby in this and in all Anti-Tobacco doings, thrive as he deserves.—*Boston Paper.*

MARRIAGES.

Lord—Mott.—In Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., by Friends' ceremony, George W. Lord, Jr., and Martha Mott, youngest daughter of James and Lucretia Mott.

Russell—Taylor.—In Boston, 4th inst., Hon. Thomas Russell, one of the Judges of the Police Court, to Miss Nelly Taylor, daughter of Rev. E. T. Taylor, better known as "Father Taylor," the sailor's preacher.

DEATHS.

Abell.—In Lempster, N. H., Dr. Truman Abell, for thirty years author of the N. E. Farmers' Almanac, aged 74.

FOURTH OF JULY!

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Mass Meeting, in honour and for the promotion of the true principles of Liberty and Independence, at ABINGTON, in the well-known Grove near the Centre of the town, on MONDAY, JULY 4th.

Eloquent Speaking, the Songs of Freedom, Social Intercourse, with pic-nic entertainments, together with the natural attractions of the place and its scenery, all combine to invite a large gathering of the friends of freedom on the approaching, as on former anniversaries.

It is expected that William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Charles L. Remond, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Rev. Andrew T. Foss, and several other speakers will attend.

☞ The *Old Colony Railroad* declining this year to afford the accustomed accommodation of reduced fare and special trains, all who go by that road must take, of course, the regular trains. Those leave Boston, at 8 A. M.; and Plymouth, at 6¼ and 10 A. M. Returning, leave the Grove for *Boston* at 5¼ P. M.; for *Plymouth*, about 6 P. M. Fare—Boston to Abington, and back, $1 16; Plymouth to Abington, and back, $1 10; children under fifteen, half-price.

☞ Cold water in abundance will be furnished in the Grove; and there will be an ample supply of provisions for sale.

Francis Jackson,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison, } Com. of Arrangements.
Samuel May, Jr.,

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

Fellow Citizens: In the exercise of a liberty which, we hope, you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble at Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853, under the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States.

After due thought and reflection upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free coloured people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their present condition, and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The aspects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile or friendly, are alike full of argument in favour of such a Convention. Both reason and feeling have assigned to us a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and Slavery and caste on the other—a place which we cannot fail to occupy without branding ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and recreant to the cause we profess to love. Under the whole heavens, there is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our fellow-countrymen now in chains, to whom we are united in a common destiny, demand it; and a wide solicitude for our own honour, and that of our children, impel us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which, if we are men of spirit, we are bound to protest. We have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of manly virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the full extent of our ability. We have opportunities to improve—difficulties peculiar to our condition to meet—mistakes and errors of our own to correct—and therefore we need the accumulated knowledge, the united character, and the combined wisdom of our people to make us (under God) sufficient for these things. The Fugitive Slave Act, the most cruel, unconstitutional and scandalous outrage of modern times—the proscriptive legislation of several States with a view to drive our people from their borders—the exclusion of our children from schools supported by our money—the prohibition of the franchise—the exclusion of coloured citizens from the jury box—the social barriers erected against our learning trades—the wily and vigorous efforts of the American Colonisation Society to employ the arm of government to expel us from our native land—and withal the propitious awakening to the fact of our condition at home and abroad, which has followed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—call trumpet-tongued for our Union, co-operation and action in the premises.

Convinced that the number amongst us must be small, who so far miscalculate and undervalue the importance of united and intelligent moral action, as to regard it as useless, the undersigned do not feel called upon here for an argument in its favour. Our warfare is not one where force can be employed; we battle against false and hurtful customs, and against the great errors and opinions which support such customs. Nations are more and more subject to the enlightened and energetically expressed judgment of mankind. On the subject of our own condition and welfare, we may safely and properly appeal to that judgment. Let us meet, then, near the anniversary of this nation's independence, and enforce anew the great principles and self-evident truths which were proclaimed at the beginning of the Republic.

Among the matters which will engage the attention of the Convention, will be a proposition to establish a National Council of our people with a view to permanent existence. This subject is one of vast importance, and should only be disposed of in the light of wise deliberation. There will come before the Convention matters touching the disposition of such funds as our friends abroad, through Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may appropriate to the cause of our progress and improvement. In a word, the whole field of our interests will be opened to enquiry, investigation and determination.

That this may be done successfully, it is desirable that each delegate to the Convention should bring with him an accurate statement as the number of coloured inhabitants in his town or neighbourhood—the amount of property owned by them—their business or occupation—the state of education—the return of their school privileges, and number of children in attendance, and any other information which may serve the great purposes of the Convention.

In order that no community shall be represented beyond its due proportion, it is intended that the Convention shall only be composed of regularly chosen delegates, appointed by public meetings, and bearing credentials signed by the President of said meetings.

It is recommended that all coloured churches, literary and other societies, banded together for laudable purposes, proceed at once to the appointment of at least one, and not more than three, delegates to attend the National Convention. Such persons as come from towns, villages or counties, where no regular delegate may have been chosen, shall be received and enrolled as honorary members of the Convention.

James W. C. Pennington,	New York City.
Henry M. Wilson,	"
Charles B. Ray,	"
James McCune Smith,	"
William J. Wilson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junius C. Morell,	"
John N. Still,	"
Amos N. Freeman,	"
Jacob P. Morris,	Rochester, N. Y.
Frederick Douglass,	"
William H. Topp,	Albany. N. Y.
Stephen Myers.	"
George T. Downing,	Providence, R. I.
William Joeson,	"
John N. Smith,	"
John Mercer Dangston,	Ohio.
William H. Day,	"
David Jenkins,	"
John J. Gaines,	"
Martain R. Delany	Pennsylvania.
Charles L. Reason,	"
J. J. G. Bias,	"
J. B. Vashon,	"
Daniel Ruggles,	New Bedford, Mass.
L. Kelly,	"
Robert Morris,	"
H. O. Wagoner,	Illinois.
E. P. Robers,	Newark, N. J.
George De Baptist,	Detroit, Mich.
Benjamin Lynch,	Troy, N. Y.
S. S. Baltimore,	"
Isaac Cross,	Connecticut.
George Garrison,	"

☞ Change of Post Office.—Our Post Office at North Easton, N. Y., having been removed to a Liquor-Selling Establishment, despite our remonstrance against it, we have concluded to request our friends to address us hereafter at Galesville, Washington County, N. Y.

Job Wilbur,
John Wilbur,
Samuel Wilbur,
Lydia Wilbur,
Phebe T. Wilbur,
Hannah Thomas.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOTRTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Sarurday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally, or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.
David J. Johnson, M. D.,
229 Arch st. Philadelphia.

The Water Cure Journal.—A new Volume.—Now is the time to subscribe.—Published monthly, in a beautiful quarto. Illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure, Anatomy, and Physiology of the Human Body, with familiar instructions to learners. It is emphatically a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all diseases.

Terms—Only One Dollar a Year, in advance. Address, post-paid, Fowlers and Wells, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

"The Water-Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health; always ready, straightforward and plain-spoken, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, but in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats."—*New York Tribune.*

The Illustrated American Phrenological Journal.—Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, profusely illustrated with Engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly at One Dollar a year. All letters should be post-paid, and directed to
Fowlers and Wells.
Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, will find this Journal a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed.—Publishers.

THE STANDARD.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

A CALL TO THE CHURCH.

[Reprinted from The (London) Inquirer, May 14th, 1853.]

On Sunday evening, May 1st, the Rev. George Armstrong delivered an eloquent and impressive Lecture on the above subject, at Lewin's Mead Chapel, in the city of Bristol. The attendance was large, and earnestly attentive to a discourse which occupied an hour and a half in the delivery. The Rev. Gentleman selected as his texts 2 Cor. xi. and part of the 29th verse, "Who is offended and I BURN not;" and also Phil. iv. and part of the 8th verse, "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report . . . if there be any virtue, and if there be any PRAISE, think on these things."

Mr. Armstrong began by observing that he might truly say he had never before been so overwhelmed with his subject; insomuch that, were it not they would expect him to say something, he could almost sit down and say nothing. And whence did this feeling arise? Out of the very fulness of the truth he had to speak, out of the abundance of the materials which seemed to rise unbidden to his hand. For where facts were so numerous, the area so wide, and the significance so vast, how to choose, or where to begin, or where to end, seemed alike difficult to determine. Some apology it might be that the subject, thus arduous, had not been altogether of his own imposing. He had been summoned to its discussion; and as a member of the Church Catholic, in the name of Him whose kingdom was invaded, whose honour was assailed, and whose title was imperilled, he had been called to take a part in pushing back this foe, in unmasking his pretences, defeating his designs and resisting his encroachments. It was by invitation of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in London that he was there that night to speak on Slavery in America. Five thousand circulars, the same in terms, and with a like intent, had been sent abroad throughout this Christian land, beseeching the Church to awaken from its slumbers, and lift up its voice in deprecation and rebuke of the greatest sin, the greatest shame, the greatest evil that now amazed and oppressed the earth. And who might answer that call?—who was sufficient for this thing? He only who trusted in God, and could not, therefore, despair of man. For it was a hopeful and a holy truth, that as God had spoken to a sinning world, because, with all its sin, it had still a soul, still a living heart, so He sent forth even now his messengers as "flames of fire," to scatter far and near the sparks of Heavenly Truth, and carry from heart to heart and from clime to clime thoughts and words which could have no meaning, no power, were there not natures akin with their own, on which they might fall, mayhap not quite to be quenched, but destined to kindle, to warm, and to bless for present and coming generations.

In our conflict with evil, God had furnished us with two chief weapons, Sympathy and Opinion. "Who is offended and I BURN not? Whatever is of good report, if there be any virtue, any PRAISE, think on these things." He must have been far gone in habits of hardihood who should witness unmoved the sufferings of an animal; and though there were beings thus insensate, and some who would not only see, but wantonly cause such sufferings, yet the social indignation which pursued, and the Christian legislation which punished, such departures from the feelings of a man, were but proofs of the dominant and normal fact, that the suffering even of an animal, however low in the scale of creation, was a matter of pain to those who beheld it, communicated a suffering beyond itself, and raised up a protection for every creature of God in that sensitive faculty denoted Sympathy. A celebrated orator, memorable in the annals of this city, once wound up an eloquent climax by saying, "I think I am not austere or formal in my nature, but I never will act the tyrant for the people's amusement. If they *will* mix malice in their sports, I shall never consent to throw them any living sentient creature whatsoever—no, not so much as a kitling to torment." And no figure of speech was this; it only gave voice to that feeling, which but the other day brought down upon the heads of a degraded family the penalties of the law, and the more scathing penalties of the public abhorrence and contempt for the very offence which the imagination of Edmund Burke had glanced at—that of subjecting a kitling to wanton and deliberate torture. Now, continued the rev. gentleman, that feeling thus given by God—that feeling, thus ready to protect the humblest of the creatures He has given to your care, I want you to-night to extend to the highest. That feeling you would throw around the kitling to protect her from wanton harm, we ask you to enlarge, and to comprehend within its embrace the man, the woman, and the child! But what an appeal, you will say! How idle to bespeak our sympathy there! For who could see a man subjected to torture, a woman the object of maltreatment, a child the victim of cruelty, and "not burn?" Do you take us to be stones? Do you take us to be kin with the beasts of the forests? Do you take us to have forfeited our claims to the dignity and the feeling of civilized and cultured life, that you ask us to pity thus, and extend our sympathy to flesh of our flesh, heart of our heart, and kind of our kind? No, indeed, brethren, I do you no such injustice. I address you as sensible, decorous, instructed, generous Christian men and women, who, if they saw such things, would shudder as became them; if they could avert such things, would act as became them; and whose only weakness—if not rather whose virtue—it is that they do not believe them when they only hear of them. *The cruelties of Slavery are not believed.* Why? Because, though Slavery as a system is bad, slaveholders in the general are good. And thus, even here there is a Slavery—the Slavery imposed by the power of words. What is the meaning of "system?" Is it a myth? Is it a goblin? Is it a result of some spiritual rapping? or is it the bald, naked, literal, hideous manufacture of human hearts, human hands, and human tongues, brought forth into a monstrous birth of human laws? Which of these is it? For if none of the former, and it can only be the latter—then this incredulity has to account for this strangest of all anomalies—how is it that good *men* can ever have been employed in devising and sustaining so foul and bad a *thing*?

The question has been often asked, what is Slavery? The answer can only be adequately and authoritatively found in the voice of those laws which cluster under the flag asserted to wave over the freest nation on the face of the earth. "A slave," says the law of Louisiana, "is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labour. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must belong to his master!" The law of South Carolina says, "Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever." It is the same in Georgia. Further, Judge Ruffin, Chief Justice of N Carolina, defines a slave "as one doomed in his own person and his posterity to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits." Again, the same authority says, "The power of the master must be ABSOLUTE, to render the submission of the slave perfect. I freely confess," he adds, "my sense of the harshness of this proposition. I feel it as deeply as any man can, and, as a principle of moral right, every person in his retirement" (that is, in his private soul and conscience) "must repudiate it. But, in the actual condition of things" (as if that condition were a matter of *fate*, and had nothing to do with human acting, human will, and human conscience)—"in the actual condition of things, it must be so. This discipline belongs to the state of Slavery. It is inherent in the relation of master and slave." Judge Stroud says, "It is plain that the dominion of the master is as unlimited as that which it tolerated by the laws of any civilized country in relation to brute animals, to QUADRUPEDS, to use the words of the civil law." This statement quite takes away the possibility of surprise, however deep our loathing may be, as we read in a southern paper, in reference to the work of Mrs. Stowe, "All this outcry against us is based on two assertions, that we appropriate the labour of our slaves without their consent, and that we give them no opportunity to rise into a higher grade of civilization. But we do the same to HORSES, and none complain." Now with such laws, considering that these laws must have had lawmakers, considering that they did not drop from the skies, nor leap out of Jupiter's head, but, however infernal their spirit, were the invention and construction of actual men—where can room be for incredulity that the things are done which are reported to be done; and may be done at any time, in any degree, and in any number? Mr. Armstrong then quoted various cases illustrative of the condition of the American slaves, and the operation of the inhuman laws above referred to; and he then observed—many a time and oft is it represented by persons who would make a world of noise, if they were deprived of their own freedom even for an hour, that, after all, if one is only warm enough, and well fed and comfortable, there is no great harm in this Slavery. The "if," it must be allowed, is a pretty considerably large one; for as a general condition of the slave, his rags are not clothing, his garbage is not food, and his whips are not comfort! In an English colony, not five-and-thirty years ago, it is in evidence that slaves habitually dug up the buried carrion of diseased cattle to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and were flogged for the theft. It is in evidence that a young girl stole a few handfuls of rice to prevent death by starvation, and was sentenced by her inhuman mistress, a lady of station, to carry a pitcher every morning to the river, fill it and bring it home on her head, when it was emptied on the ground, to be thus refilled six times. After this whimsical preparation for the torture, she daily received ten lashes. The punishment was to continue three weeks, but long before the expiration of that time the unhappy girl threw herself into the river and was drowned.

EXAGGERATION! oh there is no exaggeration in the terrible pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe. We can match, more than match every line and tittle of them in details brought forward before the legislative inquests of this Mother Land, who, in remembrance of her own shame, is but now waking up to the further duty which God is laying on her conscience to go forth, and be instant in season, and out of season, preaching "manumission! manumission! retribution retribution!" to her guilty offspring beyond the mighty waters. Mr. Armstrong then quoted the affecting case of EMILY RUSSELL, as given in the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and asked, "Will you, then, brethren, refuse me your sympathy? Can you? Will you acknowledge the supremacy of fiction, and disown the power of fact? Will you give your tears to the one, and your shrugs to the other? Will your nature bow to the muse of a Shakspeare, a Kotzubue, or a Knowles? Will you suffocate at a scene in Othello, turn pale at the dagger of an Appius, follow in tremulous pity the fate of a Haller, and will you be unstirred, untaught, at that crisis in the marvellous, but not unverified story of ELIZA, enacted in our day and almost in our view? After quoting this thrilling narrative as given by Mrs. Stowe, the lecturer said, he was sure he had carried their Sympathies along with him; but they had something more to do than to feel. They must act their feeling, show, express, pronounce, proclaim it, and in this way make use of that other weapon which God has placed in their keeping to work his moral ends, and keep the world from settling down into the stirless, soul-less stagnation of moral death.

"Whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, any PRAISE, think of these things." The Apostle thus appealed to a strong sentiment of human nature; the desire to be well thought of, "well reported" of, the love of praise, and by parallel necessity, the dread of censure. This sentiment came of God, and all men, therefore, believers in God—for it all depended upon *that*—were answerable for its use or disuse. It was a talent, and no man might hide it in the ground. So obviously was this the case, so sensitively was the truth felt, that there was nothing in which the zeal of the American nation was more manifestly shown, than in the desire to be well thought of; first among themselves, and then, if possible, all the world over. In their appeal to "Opinion" they left no stone unturned. If it were even our duty, they did not leave it in our power, to leave them alone. In every variety of form, and from the first to the last page in their history, they asked us *what we thought of them?* and in courtesy and decency—to say nothing of higher claims—we could not be so impolite as to refuse them *an answer to their question*. Their celebrated Declaration of Independence, dated in Congress the 4th July, 1776, began in these terms:—"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with one another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God, entitle them, A DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." And so they went on, through every 4th of July, and on all chief occasions, from that day even to this, when their democratic President, fresh from New England, had just been pleased to say—after a devout hope that no "fanatical agitation" might succeed "in obscuring the light of their prosperity." "The oppressed throughout the world are constantly cheered by the steady and increasing lustre of American freedom; and in this the United States have, in my judgment, fulfilled their highest duty to SUFFERING HUMANITY." Now they could not accept this opinion of themselves by this ruler and his people. They joined issue with them upon it. It was against truth, against fact, against conscience. It could not be true of a people who could tolerate as an ordinary fact, in their midst, an invoice of the following tenor:—"Dear sir—I have shipped in the brig *Addison*, prices as below, No. 1, Carolina Ennis, 650 dols.; No. 2, Silvy Holland, 625 dols.; No. 3, Silvy Booth, 487 dols.; No. 4, Maria Pollock, 475 dols.; No. 5, Emeline Pollock, 475.; No. 6, Delia Averit, 475 dols.; write often, as the times are critical, and it depends on the prices you get to govern me in buying.—Yours &c., G. W. Barnes." It could not be true in a nation where one man could be found to date a letter on a Sunday to the following effect:—"I bought a boy yesterday, 16 years old, and likely, weighing 110 lbs. for 700 dols: I sold a likely girl, 12 years old, at 500 dols.; I bought a man yesterday, 20 years old, six feet high, at 820 dols.: and one to-day (Sunday) 24 years old, at 850., black and sleek as a mole." There was once upon a time, in this good city of Bristol, when an ugly practice prevailed of "crimping and kidnapping" persons of all descriptions, whom it was any way safe to trepan, for the purpose of exporting them as slaves to the colonies. Somehow or other it so happened that this outrageous practice came to the knowledge of the Lord Chief Justice, at that time the notorious Judge Jeffreys, but, as the sequel would show, on that occasion, at least for once in his life, virtuous. The story was related in North's Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, in the following terms. "He came to the city and told them he had brought a broom to sweep them. And for certain when his lordship came upon the bench and examined this matter, he found all the aldermen and justices concerned in this kidnapping trade more or less, and the mayor himself as bad as any. He thereupon turns to the mayor accoutred with his scarlet and furs, and what and with rating and storming, as his way was, never left till he had made him quit the bench, and go down to the criminal's post at the bar, and there plead for himself as a common rogue or thief must have done. Thus the citizens saw their scarlet chief magistrate at the bar, to their infinite horror and amazement." But what could be deemed of the living community in this our day, when it could be said not of magistrates only, but of a soverign ruler, as it was of President Jackson, that so late as the year before the last war, he bought up a coffle of slaves, and drove them down to Louisiana for sale! What could be deemed of this living community to whom "suffering humanity owed so much," when the principal slave auctioneer of Charleston, South Carolina, was of one of the first families, and moved in the very highest class of society there?

In fine, what can be deemed of this boast of President Pierce, of that lofty appeal in the Declaration of Independence, when the "OPINION OF MANKIND" is directed to this one direful and condemning fact, that in the bosom of a free, civilized, Christian nation, with consent of their Legislature, with consent of their CHURCH, there are 3,300,000 persons—a larger population than that of some half-dozen kingdoms in Europe—who are BEYOND THE PALE OF THE LAW, except such law as sells, and brands, and scourges them—and in regard to any, and all of whom that law declares and holds that "any amount of torture inflicted by the master, SHORT OF THE POINT OF DEATH, is not indictable?" Indeed, one of the defences most relied on is the very largeness of the evil complained of. "One murder makes a villain—thousands make a hero;" and Sin has only to be *large* enough—to be "*organic*," to be a *constituted* feature in any national compact—in order to be forgiven, and make nothing disrespectful or even disapproving to be said about it. Thus SATAN himself, from very hugeness, has in some sort become "respectable:"

> "Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
> With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
> That sparking blazed . . . . . .
> Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
> Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
> As whom the fables name of monstrous size . . .
> Titanian, or earth-born, that warred on Jove,
> So, stretched out, huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay."

And there it lies, and there it spreads, in characteristic BLACKNESS,* marking the measure of its reign over the larger portion of the model Community, so well "FULFILLING ITS DUTY TO SUFFERING HUMANITY," so boastful of the "CONTAGIOUS EXAMPLE" of its national and constitutional glory!

Yes, it is indeed "contagious"—contagious of those principles which tend to make mankind in the Older World, but a grade above what the perfection of despotism has made in the New.

The ruler of America speaks of "the oppressed throughout the world being cheered by the steady and increasing lustre of American freedom." The lustre you see depicted here (pointing to the black section of the Union, as represented on the map of the United States); and the rulers of Europe reply in terms such as we find in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, one of the most widely read newspapers in Germany—that a nation so overridden by crime and tyranny as the United States, "*necessarily divests herself, in the eyes of all other peoples, of the right to say anything whatever concerning the holiest interests of nations.* So long as the North American Union numbers in its confederation states where men are publicly sold to the highest bidder, where the whip is the means of governing a whole unhappy and despised brother race, so long should the 'Glorious Union' *refrain from all ideas of intervention, from all Republican propaganda.*" Now we don't want the benefit—we of this nation, at least—of Republican institutions; but we do want the pure example of a self-governed and a great people to stem the torrent of despotism over the wider spaces of this ancient Europe. We want a refuge and a beacon—a beacon not to *warn*, but to *guide*—when shipwreck has been made of constitutional efforts to be governed by law, not force; and to be nourished by liberty rather than trodden down by tyranny.

Some will tell us that "American slavery is nothing to us." Is *this* nothing? Is it nothing to be deprived of the pride and strength which might otherwise stand on our side, confronted as we are with the united bayonets of Europe, but ill-disguising the desire of completing their work by the extinction of the only free power that yet breathes and dares to stand erect?

We are told, "American Slavery is nothing to us!" Is it nothing that the Gospel we live by is dishonoured and imperilled by the foul misuses to which it is applied, made the sanction of all wrong, and the teacher of all infamy? Is it nothing that Infidelity holds its sides in very laughter—as its grave and reverend exponents—ministers of the Grace of God in a self-called Christian land—are bold enough thus to speak in the face of a listening and astonished world? What says the Rev. James Smylie of a Southern Presbytery—one in honour and acceptance over a wide portion of the American Church? "If Slavery be a sin, and advertising and apprehending slaves with a view to restore them to their masters, is a direct violation of the divine law—and if the buying, selling, and holding a slave, for the sake of gain, is a heinous sin and scandal, then verily *three-fourths* of all *the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians* in eleven States of this Union are of the Devil. They hold, if they do not buy and sell, slaves, and, with few exceptions, they hesitate not to apprehend and restore runaway slaves when it is in their power!"

We need not prosecute the charge further. "*We have the accused confessing the crime.*" And all that remains is to cleanse our own souls by guarding our Church, guarding our homes, guarding our platforms, guarding our pulpits, guarding our literature, guarding our children, guarding ourselves from association, recognition, or any personal or social countenance whatever with, of, or in regard to institutions, persons, churches, so polluted, so unblushing and so presumptuous. "But then you ask us to do so ungracious a thing." "What! we rebuke others, who dare not cast a first stone! For really we ARE SUCH SINNERS OURSELVES!" And so, this sham humility—wearing the mien of a Gospel grace—helps to save from a disagreeable duty. Why I know you ARE sinners: but so am I: and yet *you suffer me to preach to you!* And, verily, if none may preach, or teach, or exhort, till all are pure as angels, the *buyers and sellers of men could ask for nothing better*; for then they might drive their trade without question and without hindrance! Even Apostles were sinners. But we read: If one Apostle may sin, another may blame. And so Paul, of Peter and Barnabas: the one of whom "he withstood to the face because he was to be blamed;" and both of whom he took to task, "because they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel." "But why trouble us to interfere in this matter; seeing we have so much to do AT HOME?" Then DO it, in the name of God! And let us see how earnestly you, who object, are helping the world to be better and happier than it is—having your heart open, and your hand spread, for every good word and work. Only THIS remember: "These ye ought to do, and not to leave the other undone."

So long, then, as a SLAVE exists—so long as a man is bought and sold—so long as God is made the author—so long as Christ is made the approver of this dark thing—just so long—as you love God, would serve Christ, and save your own souls—in the presence of Him who will require these poor ones at your hands—you have work to do—and may not, and must not fail in its doing.

I have abstained from the secular and economical aspects of this question of American Slavery. If I had addressed myself to that branch of the subject, we could have proved how God and truth are ever at unity with themselves; and that what is hurtful and base in morals, can never be profitable, even in the interests of the world. Virginia is a Slave State, and is perishing. Ohio, its neighbour, is a Free State, and is flourishing, and increasingly flourishing; and so all through and everywhere. Neither have I stopped to prove that God, and Christ, and Holy Scripture, do not speak the things which SLAVERY and its CHAPLAINS apply themselves to find in it. I would not so affront, so wound you. But I have endeavoured to do that which you needed, to arouse your "SYMPATHIES" by informing you of FACTS; and to call you to make use of that great instrument to human progress—the love of reputation—the love of PRAISE—by showing to one great branch of our human brotherhood, that it cannot take its place among the things we honour, reverence, and praise—so long as this blood-mark clings to its skirts; so long as this blot attaches to its name. It must be obvious, then, brethren, that our duty in relation to this matter is—first to *inform* ourselves and then to inform others; first to *feel* ourselves and then to get others to feel. You cannot be neutral; you cannot be silent. Facts, terrible facts, are accessible on every side. Then gather them up and use them. Some of the facts I have already indicated. I have not time for more, or more you might easily have: But *this* fact you must not go away without having adequate testimony as to its existence and its mischief. I mean, the active as well as passive influence of THE CHURCH, in upholding the Institution of Slavery in the American Union.

It is specially for this reason, I have at this great length, and with much exhaustion perhaps to you, as certainly to myself, addressed you on this subject this evening. At page 463 of the "KEY" to Mrs. Stowe's great work, you may see the propositions deliberately laid down by the American churches, and their authorities, on the institution of Slavery.

I hold in my hand a document issued by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, with specific details of the church operations, by which these principles are diffused and enforced. And because the emissaries employed for that purpose, are at this period of religious association in London, more especially likely to appear, and, in fact, are about to appear; therefore the friends of the slave are advertised of the fact; and by this document exhorted to speak to *their Central Associations* of each denomination respectively—praying them to be on their guard, to mount the towers of our Zion, and keep, at least the *British* Church of God INTACT! Yea, and to labour and to pray that their brethren beyond the water may be faithful to the trust reposed in *them* as well, and see that nothing befals dishonouring to the name of Christ, or hurtful to the souls of even the least among his little ones.

I dismiss you now, brethren, with some words which well become—in this respect, at least—the worthy son of a worthy sire; they are words of the Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce: "Timid, compromising conduct on these great subjects, safe as it may seem at present, will, more than anything besides, weaken, through the whole nation, the moral weight of any religious body. By an universal law of God's providence, it is doing battle for His truth that men exercise and train their own spirits; and by its courage or unfaithfulness on this one question, the Church, as far as we can see, is fixing now, for good or ill, its true weight and standing in the coming generation."†

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* Mr. Armstrong here exhibited a map of the United States, the Slaveholding portion of them being appropriately delineated as a large patch of black.

† Reproof of the American Church on the subject of Slavery, by the Bishop of Oxford. London: Tweedie, 337, Strand. 1853.

When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets.—*Theodore Parker.*

Miscellaneous Department.

PRAYER.....For the Standard.

I.

The prayer we humbly at thy footstool lay,
Father! of words may rarely take the form;
Yet may not our soul-incense rise as warm—
May we not with as true acceptance pray—
Blending our thought with deed, as, day by day,
We tread the needful round of earth-born care,
As our souls, full-plumed, were to part the air
On trackless, oar-winged, all etherial way?

II.

Words spirit-fetters be to souls that soar—
Though low their flight may seem—o'er this demesne
We call thine Earth; so dimly, vaguely seen
Are the wide nations thou hast scattered o'er
This tiny point of all thy boundless store
Of worlds to us the centre: check-rein tho' it be
To fiery spirit-steed would wander free,
Let us the bondage brook, nor idly long for more.

May 27th, 1853. A. P. C.

ON COLOUR BLINDNESS.

In the number of your Journal for the 29th of January, 1853, Mr. W. H. Tyndall has drawn attention to the important fact, that the *red* and *green* danger signals employed on our railways, when *seen together* in certain circumstances, may be, and on actual trial were, mistaken for *white*, the safety signal.

He also observes, that "it is not improbable that some of the accidents which have occurred in railway travelling have arisen from the colours of the lights shown being indistinctly seen; perhaps from a confusion of rays from two or more lamps. In some cases, most contradictory evidence has been given as to the colour of the signal shown." Few, probably, will dispute the justice of Mr. Tyndall's conclusion; but there is a source of danger connected with the use of coloured signals, by day as well as by night, not referred to by him, probably of more importance than that which he has indicated; and, at all events, of sufficient importance to demand notice at a period when railway accidents have been unusually frequent.

It has long been known that certain persons cannot distinguish colours from each other; and considerable interest has been felt in this form of depraved vision since Dalton, in whom it occurred, published the particulars of his case. Under the title of Daltonism, *Chromatopseudopsis*, or colour-blindness, the peculiarity of sight in question has been referred to by different writers. Those who are curious in the matter will find the subject fully discussed in a "Memoir on Daltonism, or Colour-Blindness," by Prof. Wartmann, in Taylor's "Scientific Memoirs," vol. iv., 1846; to which the English editor has added some valuable notes.

My present object is, to draw attention to three practical relations of colour-blindness, namely:

1. That the affection is much more prevalent than is generally imagined.

2. That red and green, the colours used for danger-signals on our railways, are exactly those which are most frequently confounded with each other by the subjects of colour-blindness.

3. That colour-blindness implies not merely a confusion in distinguishing between two or more colours, but, at least in many cases, an imperfect appreciation or feeble hold of colour altogether as a quality of bodies.

1. The statistics of colour-blindness are exceedingly defective, but sufficiently startling. Prevost declares, that it occurs in one male among twenty. Seebeck found five cases among forty youths in Berlin. I have long expected its prevalence from the errors which I have found the students of my chemistry classes making in reference to the colours of precipitates and the like; and on making more special inquiry this winter, I have found my suspicions verified. Among my own pupils I have encountered two marked examples of colour-blindness, and five other subjects of this affection have made themselves known to me. One of my two pupils has four relatives who have the same peculiarity of vision as himself. Prof. Allen Thompson, of the University of Glasgow, informs me, that about ten years ago he made some investigations into the frequency of colour-blindness, and was led, from the number of cases he encountered, to conclusions similar to my own; namely, that it rendered the employment of coloured signals on railways perilous to the safety of the public.

Prof. Kelland, of the University of Edinburgh, has this session found among some 150 students, three examples of marked colour-blindness. One, however, of the cases which I have encountered, occurs among these 150, but was not made known to Prof. Kelland. So that, among the Edinburgh students, so far as they have been examined this winter, 1 in 37 or 30 is defective in appreciation of colours.

Besides the cases referred to above, which have all been examined by medical or other scientific men, I have been informed on less precise authority, of at least twenty additional cases in Edinburgh, and of several in other places. With three exceptions, the whole of the cases known to me occur in persons of the male sex; and frequently in members of professions which might seem to necessitate, for their successful prosecution, the nicest sense of colour. Thus, on my list I find four well known painters, three surgeons, two stationers, two dyers, a shawl-manufacterer, a clothier, a paper-maker, and an enamel-maker.

It will thus be seen, that although it would be unwise to generalize widely from the few statistical observations yet made on colour-blindness, the number of persons subject to it is, according to all published accounts, so high, that among the servants on every railway line cases may be expected to show themselves.

2. It becomes, therefore, an important question to enquire: Is the extent to which colour-blindness occurs in those who suffer from it such as to incapacitate them from distinguishing railway coloured signals? To this the reply must be in the affirmative, so far at least as many are concerned. Those who consult Wartmann will be satisfied of this. Four of the cases referred to by myself, I examined very carefully. None of them could be trusted, or would undertake, to distinguish a red signal from a green. The three cases observed by Prof. Kelland, he tells me, are as marked as that of Dalton, who could not distinguish red from green. One of the surgeons alluded to betrayed his defect by his inability to distinguish the scarlet berries of the Rowan, or Mountain Ash, from the leaves of the tree. The other supplied himself, in Paris, with, as he thought, a green cap; but it turned out a *bonnet rouge*; and he startled a lady who commissioned him to procure for her a green dress, by bringing a red one.

Three of the remaining cases illustrate their peculiarity by stating that they cannot distinguish when strawberries are ripe except by the touch. One of them cultivates in his garden only the white strawberry, the colour of which he can distinguish from that of the leaves. One of the stationers was discovered by offering blue sealing-wax when asked for red; the other knew no difference between pink and pale green tissue papers, and made so many blunders in satisfying the wishes of parties regarding the colours of book-bindings, that he was forbidden by his master to take any orders in reference to them. I might mention other cases; but those which I have given may suffice to show that there exists no inconsiderable number of persons in the community, by whom red and green are indistinguishable.

Lastly, I have to notice, that in the cases which I have had an opportunity of examining, and likewise, I believe, in those encountered by Prof. Kelland, there was not merely false vision of colours, or *Chromatopseudopsis*, but a literal colour-blindness; so that they did not merely call green red, and red green, but they doubted about all colours, and on different occasions named the same colours differently. Three of them though accustomed to draw conclusions for themselves regarding tints, were at all times so uncertain as to their inferences, that they would not in a court of justice swear to any colour.

In the case of such persons, accordingly, the substitution of other colours for red and green as the basis of a system of safety signals, would but partially, if at all, abate the evil of employing the subject of colour-blindness as signal men, unless white and black—which they have no difficulty in distinguishing—were made use of.

I forbear to encroach farther on your space, or to enlarge on the many important practical relations of the question under discussion. Enough, I think, has been stated to show that the public safety requires the directors of our railways to make strict inquisition into the freedom of their servants from so dangerous an incapacity as that of colour-blindness.

It has seemed unadvisable to delay directing attention to this matter; but I propose shortly to publish the particulars of the more important cases which I have examined; and if any of your readers can contribute to the statistics of colour-blindness by favouring me with the details of unpublished examples of its occurrence, I shall feel much indebted. In particular—only some six cases are as yet on record as occurring in the female sex.—I am &c. George Wilson.

—*London Athenæum.*

The following poem [says *The Literary World*] from *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1839, may possibly have furnished a hint to Mr. Poe for his Raven, which was first published in the *American Review* for Feb. 1845.

"THE RAVEN; OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—AN OLD BORDER LEGEND.

"There sits that old raven, accurs'd, on my wall;
Some demon sure dwells in his throat!
I tremble to hear him on '*Hildebrand*' call,
With that hoarse and sepulchral note.

Attend me, young marksman, so brave and so bold!
But bring me that old raven dead;
I'll fill thy deep pouch with broad pieces of gold,
And young Edith shall sleep in thy bed.

But bring me the corse of that raven, I swear,
That, with many an acre beside,
I'll give thee that girl, so proud, and so fair,
My beautiful niece, for thy bride.

For many a month, for many a year,
I have sought that old raven to kill;
All my arrows have miss'd him, and so has my spear:
He croaks of my dead brother still!

If thou lovest my niece, Sir Marksman, she's thine,
When yon raven lies dead at my feet;
For whilst he has life, he's the torment of mine,
So rid me of him, I entreat."

"An oracle speaks from the breast of that bird!
A prophet is he, and a seer!
Young stranger! *respect* of that raven each word,
Though *the heart of the guilty may fear!*

Who injures that raven, so bold and so true,
No hand of young Edith shall claim.
For years has he spoken *the tale that he knew*,
When he croak'd forth *my dead father's name!*"

'Away with that girl! to the high northern tower;
She shall weep for her insolence there!
She shall feel the full weight of Earl Ethelbert's power,
By the depth of her own wild despair.

By holy St. Cuthbert, she there shall abide,
Till yon raven lies dead at my feet.
Young stranger, I'll conquer that bosom of pride;
So kill me that bird, I entreat."

"My uncle! I'll go to thy turret so high,
But the scorn and the pride of this breast
Will last till that raven so ancient shall die,
Or thou have one moment of rest.

For years will that raven still sit on thy wall
And fill thee with horror and shame;
For still will that raven most mournfully call
My father, *Sir Hildebrand's*, name.

No marksman has skill yon raven to kill;
Thou hast tried every weapon before:
Sir Hildebrand's name, that old raven still
Croaks louder, proud earl! than before."

Then wroth grew the earl, and pale turned his cheek,
For the raven flew over his head;
And flapping his wings, did in hoarse accents speak
The name of "Sir Hildebrand" dead.

Again from his bow an arrow he sent
At the raven who circled him round;
Back, back it return'd, both blunted and spent,
But the raven had never a wound!

Then forth from that raven's sepulchral throat
A laugh of derision there came;
And still it return'd to its favourite note,
And croak'd out "Sir Hildebrand's" name.

"Oh, send for a leech!" Earl Ethelbert cried;
"I am sad—I am sick—I am faint!"
"No; send for a beadsman," young Edith replied,
"For no leech can remove *thy* complaint.

'Tis the work of a priest, and not of a leech,
To cure this disease of thy mind;
The good father Paul thy disorder may reach,
Which no doctor on earth ere could find.

Young stranger, go seek the good father Paul,
And bid him come hither with speed;
For I see that the earl will confess to him all,
And may Mercy atone for the deed!"

"*What deed dost thou mean?*" cried the earl, white as death;
"Oh, Edith, thou'rt growing insane!"
But his forehead was damp—short, short went his breath;
And agony swell'd every vein.

He fell on the ground, whilst the raven high soar'd
In a circle around the earl's head;
From his throat so sepulchral one world still he pour'd,
The name of "Sir Hildebrand" dead!

"Oh, God! I shall die if that raven I hear!
That name, how it thrills to my soul!
How it curdles my blood! I tremble with fear!
With anguish I cannot control!"

"'*Tis the name of thy brother*," said good Father Paul,
Approaching with beads and with hood;
"Say, why dost thou tremble to hear a bird call
On a brother so kind and so good?"

"I slew him in battle, that brother so brave,
As we fought 'gainst the foes of the cross:
His blood cries aloud from a far distant grave,
Oh, how do I mourn for his loss!

Twas envy that made me my brave brother kill,
For I hated his worth and his fame:
Oh, find out some way my conscience to still
When I hear my lost Hildebrand's name!

To Edith I give all the wealth that I hold,
To her I resign it this day;
I sicken at thought of titles and gold—
To thy cloister, oh, bear me away.

My brother! my brother! thy spirit can hear
My bitter remorse, my despair!
Forgive me, my brother! for sure thou art near,
And bid yonder raven '*forbear!*'"

"*Forbear, Master Ralph!*" cried the monk to the bird;
"Come hither and sit on my hand!"
The raven laughed loud on hearing that word,
But came to that word of command.

"And dost thou forget when this raven was young,
When he dropped from his old mother's nest?
How we fed him, and taught him to speak a new tongue—
That word that you now so detest?"

"'Tis my Hildebrand's voice!" the sick earl exclaimed,
As the monk threw his dark cowl away.
"Oh, brother! this heart is both joyed and ashamed,
When I think of that far battle day.

And art thou not, then, in a far distant grave,
My Hildebrand! say, dost thou live?
And didst thou not die of that deep wound I gave?
And canst thou, my brother, forgive?"

"Stand down, Master Ralph," Sir Hildebrand cried,
"I want *both* my arms to embrace—
To hold to my heart one to me so closely allied;
So, Ralph, to *my brother* give place!

I have witnessed with Edith for many a day,
Disguised as the good Father Paul,
Thy anguish at hearing this old raven say
That name that we taught him to call.

Let him croak on thy towers '*Sir Hildebrand*' still,
Whilst we sit below at our ease;
And teach him this young warrior's name, if you will,
For perchance it may fair Edith please.

But wherefore that blush, lovely daughter of mine?
Thou art loved, and thou lovest this youth.
Gallant knight, take her hand, my daughter is thine;
I have proved both thy valour and truth!

Now, Ralph, thou hast plenty of work on thy hands,
Sir Hildebrand's name ne'er will die.
Look, Ethelbert! *brother!* how solemn he stands,
How keen is the glance of his eye!

Perchance he is thinking what name we shall give
To *the next* of Sir Hildebrand's race;
Thou shalt learn it in time, honest Ralph, if we live;
So, brother! another embrace!"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

There are over 20,000 children in London utterly neglected by their parents, living in idleness, and without education.

——The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, on the authority of a correspondent of a Sydney paper of the date of January 18th, announces the escape from Van Dieman's Land of Patrick O'Donohoe, one of the Irish State prisoners, who was sentenced along with Mr. Smith O'Brian.

——A Truth Seen in the Glass (and dedicated to our friend, George Cruikshank).—The French word, *un sot*, if we mistake not, a fool, which the same word "sot" means in English, if we and Mr. Webster are right, "a person stupefied by excessive drinking." Perhaps the two meanings may be decanted into one, for they mean that the man who drinks to excess is generally *un sot*, or, in other words, generally makes a fool of himself.

——The Cost of Converting a Jew!—After some twenty years of labour—after the erection of a church on Mount Zion at an enormous cost—after the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds—the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews"—a Mission presided over by a bishop and endowed by the joint efforts of the kingdoms of Prussia and England, produces as its fruits, according to its own statistics, a congregation of just 37 Jewish converts. During the whole of last year the result of its labours was the conversion of ONE Jew. The cost of this one convert was the annual outlay, at Jerusalem alone, besides the Bishop's stipend, of £1,228 expended on the Mission, £445 on the Church, £1,173 on the Hospital, and £400 (we beg pardon, £399 1s. 11d. See Report, p. 111) on the House of Industry. The Jerusalem Mission, then—if we add to its cost the £1,200 per annum paid to Bishop Gobat, arising from the endowment—has actually, in the past year, baptized converts at the moderate rate of only £4,443 7s. 2d. per head!

——The Pious Emperor.—On insincerity, affectation, and cant, Foster was unsparingly sarcastic. Some years ago, the Emperor Alexander's piety was a favourite theme at public meetings. A person who received the statements on this point with, as Foster thought, a far too easy faith, remarked to him, that really the emperor must be a very good man. "Yes, sir," he replied, gravely, but with a very significant glance—"a very good man, very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland."—*Life and Correspondence of John Foster.*

——Letters from the coast of Africa, by the *European*, state that seventy-five persons, sold out of the colony of Sierra Leone as slaves to the neighbouring tribes, have been delivered up to the authorities. Fifteen of the buyers and sellers have been tried and convicted, and his Excellency, Governor Kennedy, has, for energy in this affair, received a vote of thanks from the Legislative Council, passed on the 25th of April. A notorious slave-dealer, Don Crispo, was in prison, waiting passage to the Canaries for trial. For several years the ships-of-war have been trying to secure this well-known character.

——Interesting Exhibition of Antiquities.—There is now exhibiting at the Archæological Institute, Pall Mall, a valuable collection of antiquities formed by the late Baron Fejervari, an Hungarian nobleman, an enthusiast for art and *vertu*. M. Pulsky, the nephew of this gentleman, is the present proprietor, and he has contrived to rescue it from its depository in Hungary, where it was in danger of confiscation, and to bring it over to this country, whence it will be transferred, after the lapse of two or three months, to America.

—— Eight Conundrums from the Commons.—Why does a Manchester member pronounce 'schedule' as if spelt sheddle? What does an Irish member mean when he says he has examund the terrams, and believes from his hurrut (he is sorry to say ut), that they incur the purull of being misunderstood by a jewry? Why does Lord John Russell feel himself obleeged? Why do Mr. Disraeli and the rest of the aristocracy speak of Lord Darby? Why are all the railway members artily willing to leave matters in the ands of the ouse? Why does Lord Dudley Stuart say he has no hesitation in giving utterance to his sentiments? Why does Sir Rowdy Dow speak after dinner? Why does Mr. Railway King speak at all?—*Punch.*

——A Clean Shirt under Difficulties.—Those of our readers who have their clean shirts, &c. three times weekly, nicely aired and ready for use, at their bed's head, may hardly know many of the difficulties in the way of cleanliness which the *very* poor have to encounter. One poor lad in my district, destitute of a home, living at a threepenny lodging house when he could obtain threepence, and in carts, stables, or staircases, and elsewhere, when he could not, lately pleased me very much in the matter of cleanliness. He had only one shirt, but he managed to keep it clean; and I inquired of him how he was enabled so to do. "Why, you see, sir," said he, "I goes to some by-place, and there I whips off my shirt; well, *then* I runs to a blind alley (*cul de sac*) up Whitecross street, where some waste hot water runs from some works through a pipe in the wall, there I washes my shirt: well, then I runs to the lime-kilns, the other side of Blackfriars Bridge, and there I dries my shirt and puts it on—a clean shirt for me, it makes you feel so comfortable, I can't abear no filth.—*Vanderkiste's Mission to the Dens of London.*

—— Dogberry's Losses or Leases.—"Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 4: "*Dogberry*. A rich fellow enough, go to: and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him." I can quite sympathize with the indignation of some of my contemporaries at the alteration by Mr. Payne Collier's mysterious corrector, of "losses," into "leases." I am sorry to see a reading which we had cherished, without any misgiving, as a bit of Shaksperean quaintness, and consecrated by the humor of Gray and Charles Lamb, turned into a clumsy misprint. But we must look at real probabilities, not at fancies and predilections. I am afraid "leases" is the likelier word. It has also a special fitness which has not been hitherto remarked. Many of the wealthy people of Elizabeth's reign, particularly in the middle class, were "fellows that had had leases." It will be recollected that extravagant leases or fines were among the methods by which the possessions of the Church were so grievously dilapidated in the age of the Reformation. Those who had a little money to invest could not do so on more advantageous terms than by obtaining such leases as the necessity or avarice of clerical or other corporations induced them to grant; and the coincident fall in the value of money increased the gain of the lessees, and loss of the corporations, to an extraordinary amount. Throughout Elizabeth's reign Parliament was at work in restraining this abuse, by the well-known "disabling acts," restricting the power of bishops and corporations to lease their property. The last was passed, I think, only in 1601. And therefore, a "rich fellow" of Dogberry's class was described, to the thorough comprehension and enjoyment of an audience of that day, as one who had had leases."—*Notes and Queries.*

—— A Recipe for Procuring Refreshing Sleep at Will.—"Do you do as old Mr. Jackson used to do, Anne, when he was troubled in mind, and could not sleep?" said Mrs. Garnet. "What did old Mr. Jackson do, if I may presume to ask?" said Mr. Thornley. Miss Knox twinkled her little merry eyes, but looking grave and quiet, as was her wont when she was about to be facetious—"He did just this," said she; "he sung himself to sleep. I don't mean that he sung out audibly; but he went over in his mind some particular tune." "And he fixed upon a long poem," said Mrs. Garnet, "that he might have the better chance of falling asleep before he came to the end of it." "It was lucky he knew one," observed Mr. Thornley; "there are not many old gentlemen, I take it, who retain the remembrance of very long poems, unless they happen to have written them themselves." "He told me," said Mrs. Garnet, "that he used always to repeat Goldsmith's 'Edwin and Angelina,' which he had learnt at school as a task; and he sung it to the only tune he knew, which was Lingo's song in the 'Agreeable Surprise:'

> Amo, amas, I love a lass,
> As a cedar tall and slender."

"And being puzzled," said Miss Knox, "as to what he should do with the second line, where the metre of the poem differs from that of the song, he added an O at the end; so it went thus:

> Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
> And guide my lonely way—O,
> To where yon taper cheers the vale,
> With hospitable ray—O."

"Oh, most barbarous, wicked!" exclaimed Mr. Thornley, laughing nevertheless; "could he find no other stanzas wherewith to lull himself to sleep, than those of that exquisite poem?" "It was exquisite to him," said Mrs. Garnet, "if it delivered him from painful thoughts, and sent him into forgetfulness." "Which it always did," said Miss Knox. "He told me that he seldom or never got beyond—

> My father dwelt beside the Tyne,
> A wealthy lord was he—O.

before he felt himself dropping off.—*Life by the Fireside.*

—— Revolution in China.—China is now nearly revolutionised. The last accounts are ominous. The Insurgents have taken Nanking. The Emperor had appealed to the foreign consuls: the consuls were not likely to interpose; and the progress, hitherto, of the rebels seems to herald a crowing success at the capital; for the fall of Peking is almost sure to succeed the capture of Nanking.

The story of the rebellion is singular. It commenced at Kwangsee, in the far south. The rebels remained there, and successively defeated the imperial detachments sent against them. Having, by this means, thus weakened the imperial power, they advanced in a line, several hundred miles long, and have now established themselves on a great river, running from east to west, through the centre of China. Thus half the empire is already theirs. From this river, their present operations have been extended; they have taken Han-yang, the Liverpool of China, and Woo-chung, an important town, 400 miles from Nanking. The position of the rebel army is as follows: advancing from the south, their right wing is at Nanking, and their left at Woo-chung. The line between these two towns forms the base of an isoceles triangle, at the acute angle of which is Peking the metropolis of the empire. The rebels posted on the base line, four hundred miles long, will advance, by two divisions, up the sides, and concentrate their attack on the capital. To oppose their left wing, advancing from Woo-chung an army of Northern Tartars, said to be of "sterner stuff" than the average of the Chinese army, has been levied; but the people of the provinces, where these new troops are quartered, give a bad account of them, saying: "To us they are as tigers, but to the rebels, as rats." At Shanghai, the alarm was very great, the commercial interests of the place being closely involved with the districts threatened by the rebels. The Chinese Governor had taken the extraordinary course of applying to the foreign consuls for their intervention against the insurgents, but the consuls were not likely to interfere.

It seems difficult to characterize this movement. One of the early proclamations of the rebel party, full of grandiloquent expressions, sets forth the reasons for the rebellion. Following several examples known to (Chinese) history, the rebel chief conceals his name; but his principles seem of the most revolutionary kind. He speaks of the rights of the people, in a vigorous style; suspiciously European in his tone, and having a strong flavour of "Louis Napoleonism," in his boasts, that the new dynasty is superior to the old. It is remarkable, in addition, that the rebels are destroying all the Buddhist temples.